THE LISTENER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC Vol. III

BY

PERCY A. SCHOLES

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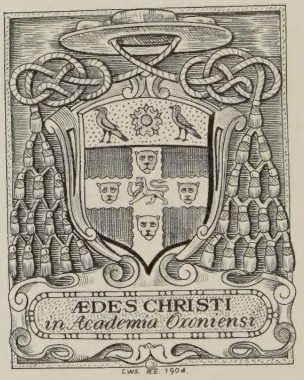

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THE LISTENER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC

VOLUME III. TO THE COMPOSERS OF TO-DAY

THE LISTENER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC

A Book for any Concert-goer Pianolist or Gramophonist

PROVIDING ALSO A COURSE OF STUDY FOR ADULT CLASSES IN THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC

BY

PERCY A. SCHOLES

WITH INCIDENTAL NOTES BY
SIR W. HENRY HADOW
SIR RICHARD R. TERRY
DR. ERNEST WALKER
EDWIN EVANS

IN THREE VOLUMES
VOLUME III. TO THE COMPOSERS OF TO-DAY

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THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

THIS final volume of *The Listener's History of Music* brings the subject down to the year in which it is issued.

The variety of aim of present-day composers has made the writing of the volume a bewildering task. Some clear classification of material had to be found, and as classification is always a very relative process I cannot hope to have satisfied every critic. All I can say is that the effort to classify has done me good, and I hope that the effort to grasp the classification, and if he likes mentally to amend it according to his personal tastes, will also do the reader good.

The warning uttered in the Introduction to the second volume must now be repeated with even greater emphasis. The word 'Period', which was well in place in Volume I, necessarily becomes less and less definite as Volumes II and III proceed. The reader must not take it too literally, and, as I said in the Introduction to Volume II, must 'turn backwards and forwards and compare the statements and dates in one division of my volume with those in another'.

It will be realized that certain composers could be almost equally well treated under one head or under another. Was I to treat de Falla (to take but one chance instance) under the 'Nationalist' head in Volume II, or under the 'Neo-Romantic' or even the 'Anti-Romantic' head in Volume III? So long as composers persist in many-sidedness such problems will face any author who tries to write about them collectively. The reader on any historical subject must be given his material under a classification, for un-ordered facts and judgements are not easily retained by the human mind; but having thus acquired his facts and considered the judgements, it is his business gradually to re-arrange them in any way that seems to him to be (for him) more significant and more 'true'.

The choice of composers to be included in the third volume has been extremely perplexing. Apparently almost everybody composes nowadays! And for almost every composer before the intelligent public some claim to consideration in such a book as this can be made. As I wrote the biographical material I soon found that I was getting too far afield, and that a *Listener's History* that had originally been planned as a single volume and had expanded itself first to two and then to three, was in danger of extending its volumes right across the shelf of any book-buyer rich enough to give a wholesale order. Many biographies that I had written I discarded, and I dealt flintfacedly with a conscientious and thoughtful friend who read the book in typescript and presented me with a list of between seventy and eighty living composers worthy of treatment whom I had omitted.

The composers I have included are either typical of some trend in modern music, or are composers of whom 'ordinary' readers in Britain or America are likely to demand information—with a slight preference for the older men whose position in the interests of musical people is of some longer standing and is, perhaps, for the time, less debatable.

I saw no way of drawing a hard and fast line. There are authors upon this subject who announce, 'I have excluded living composers', and others who announce, 'I have excluded composers born since such-and-such a date'. I have adopted neither of these mechanical expedients and, frankly, I stand or fall on my judgement, well aware that the shifting panorama of musical activity will compel me to a good deal of re-writing, addition, and perhaps omission, in any succeeding editions of this third volume of my book.

As some compensation to any reader who is disappointed at not finding here the name of some living or recent composer upon whom he has 'put his money', I would state that it is intended to prepare, as soon as possible, a *Listener's Encyclopaedia of Music*—a handy and comparatively inexpensive

volume giving as succinctly as possible, information about all phases of musical work, all composers likely to interest the attendant at concerts, the gramophile, 'pianolist', or radio listener—or, for that matter, the intelligent amateur player or music pupil.

As I admitted in the Introduction to the second volume, any attempt to state historical truth is open to debate. Perhaps there *is* no such absolute as 'historical truth', but a syndicate may approach nearer to its discovery than an individual, and so, as in the first and second volumes, I have submitted my work to the criticism of certain authorities in whose knowledge and competence we all have confidence, asking them freely to dissent where dissent seems to them to be necessary, and promising them that their views should be publicly brought forward, as in the first volume, in footnote or appendix.

I must gratefully acknowledge the kindness and care of these gentlemen, who will be found to be identified with their remarks throughout by the use of their names or initials. Further, I have to thank Mr. C. M. Crabtree, B.A., B.Mus., for much help in the choice of music examples, in the reading of proofs, and in the other time-exhausting tasks that go to the making of a book of this type, and Mr. W. McNaught, B.A., and Mr. C. Stanley Wise, B.Mus., who also have read the proofs.

I am also indebted to a number of music publishers for the permission to quote from their copyright publications.

The lists of Gramophone Records and 'Pianola' Rolls that were a feature of the first and second editions of Volume I are in Volumes II and III relinquished. Too much material of this kind is now issued for any such incidental lists to be satisfactory. My *Second Book of the Gramophone Record* is, however, designed as a companion to my second and third volumes of *The Listener's History of Music*, and the effort is made to bring it up-to-date in its successive editions. As a companion to the first volume the Æolian Company have enterprisingly prepared a group of three 'Pianola' Rolls reproducing every

one of its music type extracts, and should the demand warrant it they are quite prepared to do the same for the other two volumes.

A full Bibliography of works in the English language upon the composers discussed in this volume will be found as an Appendix. It does not represent the sources consulted in the preparation of the book, which included the standard works in French, German, and Italian, but it will, it is hoped, be of use to many readers. So far as I know I have everywhere scrupulously acknowledged quotations from brother authors; if I have anywhere erred in this matter I should like to be informed so that I may have the opportunity of repairing the error in any later edition.

What I believe to be a novel feature of this final volume is the provision of reproductions of a number of paintings of various modern schools, inserted in the hope that a little study of their characteristics may suggest illuminating parallels with the contemporary development of schools of composition. For the permissions to use these illustrations I am indebted to the following:

The Trustees of the National Gallery, for Whistler's *Battersea Bridge.*
La Société du Droit d'Auteur aux Artistes and Frank Rutter, for Cézanne's *Landscape in Provence.*
The above Society and Pablo Picasso, for Picasso's *Three Musicians.*
Frank Rutter, for Picasso's *Lady in Mantilla.*
Messrs. Constable & Co., for Kandinsky's *Improvisation.*
Messrs. R. Piper & Co., Munich, for Schönberg's *Visions.*
Messrs. Faber & Gwyer, for *Economy—Dress in 1926 and in 1905.*

In closing this Introduction to the final volume of my *Listener's History* I feel I must say a grateful word about the generous attitude of my publishers, who have allowed me to add very considerably to the expense of production by the inclusion of such a large number of music-type illustrations and portraits—no fewer (in the whole work) than 140 of the former and 65 of the latter.

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PERIOD VI

The Impressionist School

XIX

THE IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL

As Strauss represents a continuation of Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt, Debussy represents a reaction against them—and a reaction of the most definite and uncompromising character. Never since 1600, when the 'monodic' school sprang into existence as a more or less conscious reaction from the 'polyphonic' school, has there been such a definite secession from the current ideals, methods, and style. It is worth while to recall the essential nature of that earlier secession (fully described in Chapter VI of Volume I), as there are some curious parallels to be noted between these two revolutionary movements, nearly three centuries apart.

Roughly speaking (which is all a book the size of this one can anywhere attempt to do), the chief fundamental technical aim of the 1600 revolutionaries was to present *a truly dramatic vocal utterance.* The primary principle involved in this aim was, they considered, *to make the note express the word*, and the emotional flux of the music thus minutely accompany the emotional flux of the text. The chief process was the casting aside of the old-fashioned contrapuntal art, firstly because it took too long to express itself and hence was unsuited for the quick following of the thought of a text, and secondly because its elaborate interweaving and its throwing from voice to voice and 'development' of musical themes was too elaborate, too purely and *exclusively* musical, holding too much of what we may call *a pattern-interest* to be fitted for close dramatic representation.

The Revolt of Debussy

The revolt of Debussy, and of the few who have to some extent followed him, was not at all unlike that earlier revolt.

Debussy, in his Opera *Pelléas and Mélisande*, cast aside all purely melodic considerations, all *specifically musical* expression in the voice parts. He cast aside the contrapuntal and 'symphonic' methods of Beethoven and Wagner, because the process of 'development' by those methods was too slow a process for an always-on-the-spot and up-to-the-minute reproduction of the shifting emotions to be expressed, and also because these methods, again, savoured too much of pattern-making.

Debussy on Bach and Wagner

Debussy received the normal training of a great school of music. He was acquainted with the Classics and the Romantics. He studied counterpoint in the usual way, though without much enthusiasm. He visited Bayreuth and was impressed. Then he turned against the Classics (or at all events against Beethoven) and against the Romantics, and, particularly, against the Master of Bayreuth. With all the fervour of a convert he exclaimed, 'Bach is the Grail and Wagner is the Klingsor, trying to crush the Grail and to take its place'.

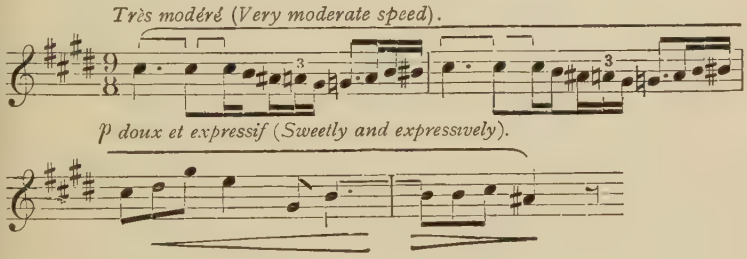
This praise of Bach may seem inconsistent with the allusion that has just been made to the essentially uncontrapuntal style of Debussy. And, indeed, to describe without apparent inconsistencies the position of Debussy (or, for that matter, of any composer who theorizes about his art) is difficult. What Debussy liked in Bach may be grasped from the following discussion by him of a Bach Concerto—

> Here we find almost intact that style of musical 'arabesque', or rather 'ornamental principle', which is the base of every mode of art. The Primitives, Palestrina, Vittoria, Orlando di Lasso, and others, made use of the divine arabesque. They found the principle of it in the Gregorian chant, and supported its frail threads by means of opposing counterpoints. . . . Do not even begin to think there must be something unnatural or artificial in this. On the contrary, it is infinitely more 'true' than the poor little cries that the lyric drama seeks to produce.

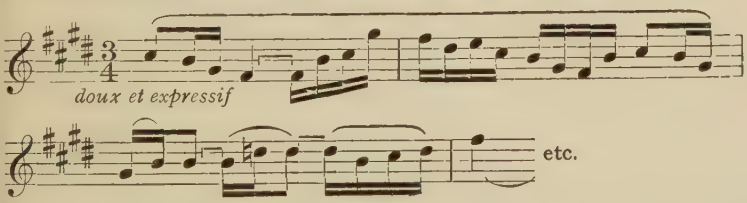
Of course you may remark that you never heard anybody whistle Bach. This mouth-glory Wagner has achieved; on the boulevard at that moment of the day when the prisoners-de-luxe of the musical houses of detention are released you may hear gaily whistled the Spring Song of *The Valkyrie*, or the opening phrase of *The Mastersingers*. I know that lots of people think that this is music's promised reward, but may one not claim to hold the contrary opinion without being thought singular?

Apparently, then, it was the decorative quality of the melodic element in Bach (rather than the masterly counterpoint) that appealed to Debussy, and indeed there is, questions of tonality aside, an obvious plain song or Bach-like arabesque quality about many of Debussy's own themes.

Here is a Flute theme from *The Afternoon of a Faun.*



And here is an Oboe theme from the same work.



And doubtless Bach's reticence also appealed to him. Bach could express awe or jollity as well as any one, but he never expresses unrestrained romantic passion. We cannot imagine anything equivalent to the erotic transports of Siegmund and Sieglinde or Tristan and Isolda as coming from Bach—or,

for that matter, Handel or Mozart or any composer of the eighteenth century.[1]

Anti-Romanticism

And Debussy loved the eighteenth century. When a composer or poet takes a dislike to a century (and many do!) it is always to that which immediately precedes his own. The century before that he praises. So Debussy objected to the Romantic Movement in music (including Beethoven, its great herald, but not including Chopin, whose Gallic grace and arabesque-like melodic shapes attracted him) and lauded the 'classical' period, including Mozart and Bach and especially Bach's French contemporaries, Couperin and Rameau, in whom, again, he admired simple 'rightness' and reticence—

> We possess a pure French tradition in the work of Rameau, with its delicate and charming tenderness, its rightly placed accent, its rigorous declamation, its lack of pretence to a German profundity and of a need to emphasize with blows of the fist, to explain breathlessly, which seems as though one were for ever exclaiming 'You are a collection of idiots who understand nothing unless one compels you by force of exaggeration'. It is to be regretted that for so long French music should have taken a road that has led it far from that clarity of expression, that precision and terseness of form that are the particular and significant qualities of the national genius.

In the allusion to 'German profundity' and 'blows of the fist' we see, of course, hints of the distaste for Beethoven and Wagner in particular, and in Debussy's own music we find that in the revulsion from the forcefulness of these composers he has, indeed, often shown himself a master of that most telling forensic art of understatement.

[1] W. McN. interjects, 'Why on the side of non-reticence instance only romantic passion and eroticism? The non-reticence extends to all strong feelings: Hate (Alberich), Physical Exaltation (Forging Songs), Loyalty (Kurvenal), Pain (Amfortas), Friendship (Sachs and Walther), &c.'

The Influence of Musorgsky

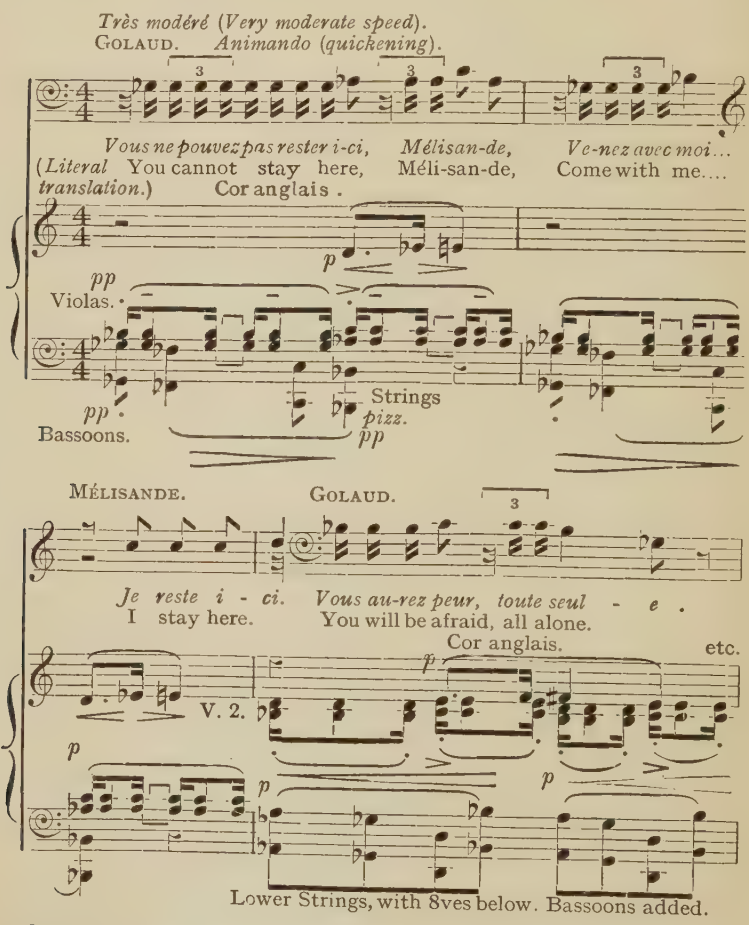
Debussy's armour against Germany came largely from Russia, his armour against Wagner from Musorgsky. The un-Wagnerian directness of Musorgsky appealed to Debussy—

> Nobody has ever spoken of all that is best in us with an accent more tender or more profound; he is unique and will remain so, with his art devoid of system and of dry formulae. Never has so refined a sensibility been translated by means so simple. His music is like that of some enquiring savage discovering music step by step as his emotions develop. There is no question of any particular form, or at any rate what form there is is so many-sided that it cannot be related to the established (or as one might say, administrative) forms; the music is made up of little successive touches, bound together by a mysterious connection, and by a gift of luminous clairvoyance; sometimes, too, Musorgsky gives a sensation of trembling and unquiet shadows, which wrap themselves around the heart and press upon it to the point of anguish.

In Debussy's music any kinship with Musorgsky is, perhaps, not very obvious. It is particularly hard to find in Debussy directness and primitiveness, at any rate of the Russian brands. It is almost impossible to find in him any of Musorgsky's simple, elemental force. For Russian or Musorgskyan *feeling* we should, in fact, have to search a long time; but Musorgsky's influence in *dramatic method*, and above all the parallel of Debussy and the 1600 revolution, is to be seen in the songs, and in the Opera *Pelléas and Mélisande*, the music of which is so glove-like a fit to the words that the work might almost be called one long recitative.

For example, in the first scene Golaud finds Mélisande in the gloomy forest. Golaud tells Mélisande who he is, she tells him her name, and he persuades her to follow him to the Castle. Yet with none of this are we given so much as the beginning of a set song. (Compare the telling duet of Puccini's

Mimi and Rudolf when *they* first meet in Act I of *La Bohème*). In the whole Scene there is no nearer approach to ordinary 'melody' than this:



So far we have seen in our study of Debussy three influences, (*a*) a reaction against the fervour and complexity of the whole 'Romantic' school as it then existed, (*b*) a corresponding love of eighteenth-century concision and clarity, and (*c*) an equally

corresponding love of dramatic directness, such as that found in Musorgsky. We now come to some definite influences emanating from sister arts.

The Literary Symbolists

The 'Symbolist' Movement in poetry and the 'Impressionist' Movement in painting were at their height when Debussy, returning in 1887 from study in Rome, settled again in Paris. Baudelaire, the chief precursor of the Symbolist Movement, was dead twenty years before, but Verlaine was alive, as also Mallarmé and a group of younger poets who gathered at Mallarmé's house and looked to him as their leader. Debussy frequented this house and imbibed the ideas there current, so it is of interest to us to get as clear a notion as possible of the nature of those ideas.

To describe in a few words the Symbolist Movement in literature is not easy. On its negative side it was a reaction against the big-bow-wow style of the French Romantic poets, and especially of the latest group of them who were known as the 'Parnasseans'. The Symbolists attempted a product altogether more delicate. To an English reader the change of feeling and method from Byron to Rossetti may convey a rough-and-ready idea of the change of feeling from (say) Hugo to Verlaine. And, too, as to 'content' the comparison between Ruskin and Pater may help. Ruskin was the apostle of what has been called 'moralized beauty'—a sort of Christian-statesman-critic. Pater was aesthetic and a frank hedonist—not the fruit of experience but experience itself is the end. 'A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated and dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses?'[1]

[1] From the conclusion of Pater's *Renaissance*. He omitted it from the second and third editions, as he 'conceived that it might possibly corrupt some young men into whose hands it might fall'. In the fourth edition, somehow reassured—or grown reckless, he restored it.

There was, then, a good deal of the sensuous and the voluptuous about the Symbolist group, but they were a delicate sensuousness and a refined voluptuousness, expressing themselves with an aristocratic grace.

Nothing was coarsely or bluntly expressed. Indeed, what a poem said was almost less important than what the reader was led to think between the lines. There was a constant stimulus to the imagination, and herein lies the force of the title the Movement adopted. Words were used as symbols. They suggested rather than expressed.

This often led to obscurity, and in some cases obscurity actually seemed to be the object. Nobody has ever yet been able to translate into plain English Mallarmé's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, and probably nobody ever will succeed either in translating it adequately into any language or in rendering a satisfactory prose paraphrase.

Poetry like this approaches the quality of music. More than any other art, music (at its best) is the art of the subconscious. Try to find words with which to express the changing emotional shades of a Chopin nocturne, phrase by phrase of the music, and you will soon realize that in 'appreciating' that nocturne, as you have done perhaps hundreds of times, you have been subconsciously following a play of emotional expression that you cannot with any completeness or exactitude consciously re-express.

This musical attribute was deliberately sought by the Symbolists in their poetry. Baudelaire had, in his time, counselled that poets should 'take possession again of their lost estate in the realm of music' ('reprendre à la musique leur bien'). Paul Valéry, writing about the Mallarmé group, said, 'Music had been our very food, and our literary minds dreamt of nothing but to draw from language almost the same effects that sonorities produced on our nervous system'.

This, then, may be looked upon as a movement in literature the very opposite of the programme-music movement in music.

As in programme-music the composer borrows and tries to re-express more or less definite literary ideas, so in Symbolist poetry the poet tries to achieve expression of emotion denuded, to the limits of possibility, of definite literary ideas. Mallarmé said, 'To *name* an object is to sacrifice three-quarters of that enjoyment of the poem which comes from the pleasure of guessing bit by bit. To *suggest* it—that is our dream.' [1]

The reader who is pretty well acquainted with even three or four of Debussy's compositions but has not previously grasped the connexion between his style and the aims of the Symbolist poets must surely now see a little light. The Symbolists were attempting a poetry like music, and Debussy, inspired by them, attempted a music more musical than had previously (or, at any rate, recently) been written, in that it eschewed, as far as possible, those Beethoven-like or Wagner-like complexities of development of theme which resemble argument or rhetoric, those Lisztian emotional passages that can easily be re-expressed in words, and those detailed 'programmatic' attempts which belong most properly to the short story or novel.[2]

The Painter Impressionists

So much for the Poet-Symbolists; now as to the Painter-Impressionists, a closely allied group. Their aims differed from those of the Symbolists, one may say, merely as the art

[1] It seems to us to-day rather strange that Mallarmé and his colleagues were at one period enthusiasts for the romantic Wagner. Presumably the mythology, with its suggestions of mysterious forces of nature behind the happenings of life, was what attracted them.

[2] Debussy certainly wrote a good deal of music that can be called 'Programme Music' (*The Cathedral under the Sea, Minstrels, Evening in Granada, The Wind across the Plain,* &c.). But in it all the musical condition is paramount, and though stories can legitimately be read into some of the pieces it is easy enough to see that their passages were not modelled upon any definite scheme of 'events'. It is, then, only 'Programme Music' in the more general sense of the term.

of painting differs from the art of poetry. Sir Edmund Gosse has said of the Symbolist poets that their verse was 'a murmur of waters flowing under a veil of rushes', and we may say of the Impressionist artists that their painting was a play of light. They shunned drama ('Light is the chief personage in a picture' was one of Manet's maxims), 'literary' subjects, classical formality and all established conventions, and sought to make out of the representation of effects of luminosity a kind of beautifully painted music. A technical procedure which is of interest, because in a moment we shall find a slight musical analogy to it, is the process of painting in pure, unmixed colours in such a close juxtaposition that at the proper distance the eye sees them merged into their intended composite. Like the poets they tried to achieve delicacy of nuance; as an example, they discovered that shadows are not necessarily black, but have their varying colours.

Manet may be considered the founder of the School, other members being Monet, Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, and Cézanne.

At first the Impressionist painters had no popular success. They got their name as a nickname, from a painting of Monet's, *Sunrise, an Impression*, at the historic 'Salon des Refusés' of 1863; the idea of the term is that the painter records what a quick glance can see, i.e. he does not unnaturally assemble in one picture a mass of details each of which could only have been observed by its own particular glance. The pictures of this exhibition were sold by auction at the end and fetched an average of four pounds apiece. Later, to help Monet who was in poverty, Manet, who was well-to-do, with a friend of his, anonymously bought ten of his pictures for forty pounds.[1]

[1] In 1923, Monet, aged 83, visited Paris to see, with his old friend Clemenceau, the building at the Tuileries that had been prepared to house nineteen of his paintings which a grateful nation had accepted as a gift from him. So does time bring its triumphs!

'Impressionism' in Tone.

The comparison between the Impressionist painting and Debussy's music is quickly made. Debussy, too, as has already been said, avoided the dramatic, the narrative, the formal, the conventional, the involved. The preoccupation of the Impressionist painters with light *quâ* light had its parallel with this Impressionist musician in a preoccupation with tone *quâ* tone.

To take an example, frequently his chords are separate entities, their notes chosen and spaced on the piano (or distributed in the orchestra) in such a way as to produce the desired momentary tonal effect, and with little or no regard to their neighbours in such matters as the 'preparation' or 'resolution' of discords.

For the most part the harmony of Strauss is an extension of that of Wagner, whose harmony is an extension of that of Beethoven, whose harmony is an extension of that of Haydn. But Debussy's harmonies very frequently indeed can be derived from nothing heard from previous composers. Gifted with a very keen ear, he had listened to bugles and particularly bells, and had studied the 'overtones', the components of what we wrongly term a single note—those overtones the particular character and relative strengths of which, in any particular performance of a note, give that note its 'timbre'. And often he reinforced some of those overtones by the addition of notes, and so arrived at tonal effects by a synthetic process somewhat similar to the technical process of the Impressionist painters above referred to.

An influence in encouraging Debussy's freer conception of harmony was the music of his contemporary, Erik Satie, to be briefly discussed later in this volume.

Like the Poet-Symbolists and the Painter-Impressionists, Debussy is generally very 'atmospheric', and so, like them, he has been charged with vagueness. There is abundant design in

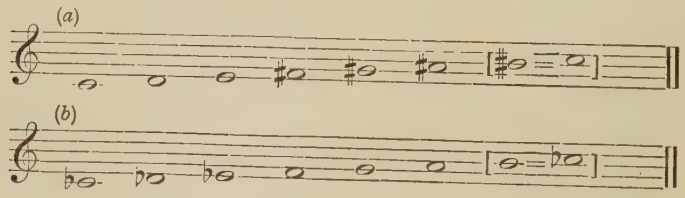
a picture of Monet or a composition of Debussy, but (to quote *The Times* obituary notice of Monet in 1926, for the sake of its interesting allusion to Debussy)—

> It stands to reason that if an artist is designing in atmospheric values, in veils of light, the design will not be so emphatic, so easily grasped as if he were designing in solid forms, but nobody can look with attention at a picture by Monet and regard it as a mere representation of the facts and conditions. In this respect his work might well be compared to the music of his countryman, Claude Debussy, in which, under an atmospheric shimmer, the melodies are not so immediately recognisable as they are in the works of Bach and Beethoven, but are nevertheless present to an attentive ear.

The Whole-Tone Scale.

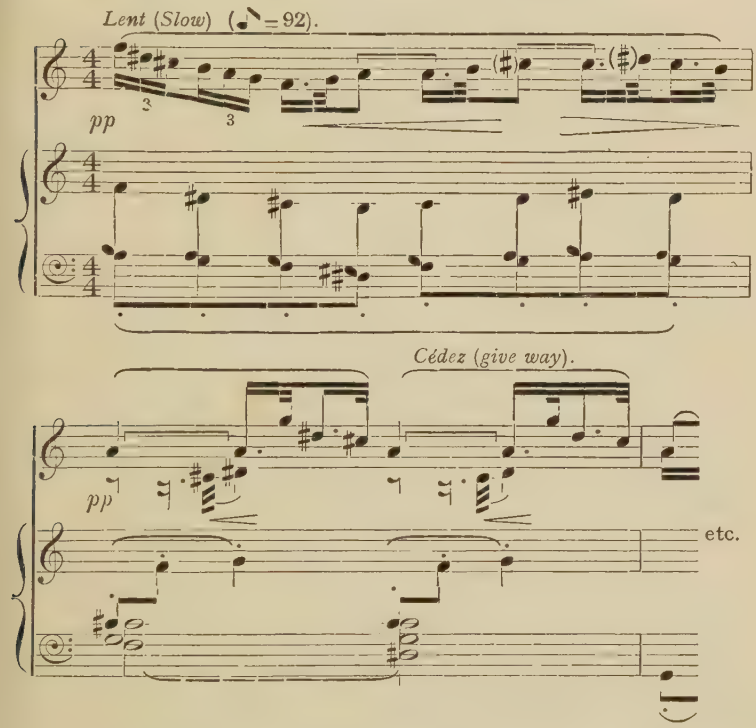
A special technical device of Debussy to which allusion is often made is his use of the whole-tone scale.

There are two pitches at which this scale is available. It will be seen that, with enharmonic changes (reading F sharp = G flat in (*a*), C flat = B in (*b*), and so on), there is no note in our musical system which cannot be found in one of these two pitches of the scale.



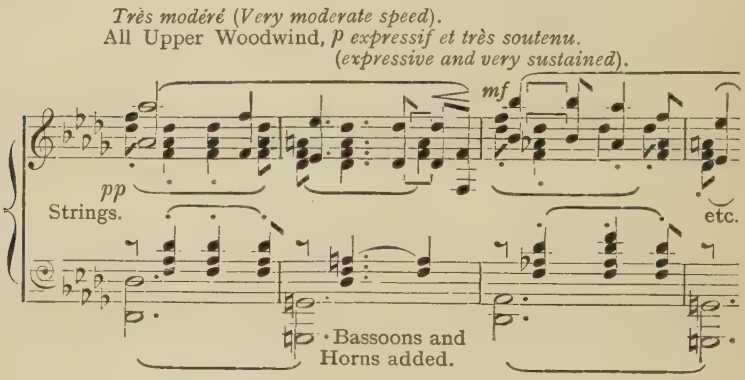
This scale is necessarily the most fluid possible. As all the intervals are the same, it may be said to have no features. Its effect, then, is vague, and so it contributes to the 'atmospheric' or 'remote' effect that is characteristic of Debussy.[1]

[1] E. W. recalls his foot-note to vol. i, p. 35, and says, 'I myself always seem to feel this whole-tone business not as a scale but as a chord (in arpeggio or in harmonic blocks).'

Debussy was not the inventor of this scale, but he made more systematic use of it than had any one before him. Here are two typical examples of his use of it. The first is from *Bells sounding through the leaves* (*Cloches à travers les feuilles*) from the Second Book of *Images* for Piano Solo. We have a whole-tone-scale melody at the top, supported by harmony which is just made to fit the melody. (Notice the complete descending whole-tone scale at the outset; there appears to the eye to be a gap between the first two notes—such notation will generally be found necessary in practice.)

Two other points are illustrated in this example; firstly, Debussy's interest in bells, which we have just noted, secondly,

his use of chords simply as blocks of sound, as shown in the lower part in the first bar. Debussy was really the inventor of this typical modern practice.

In our second illustration, we have a few bars, from *The Afternoon of a Faun* (*L'après-midi d'un faune*), of purely diatonic melody, with whole-tone chords arbitrarily introduced into the accompaniment at the second and fourth bars.



Debussy's Subjects.

The subjects Debussy has chosen for his composition are, in the main, just what one would expect, given his style. It is a style with limitations. No 'Fate knocking at the door' symphony, no 'Hero's Life' tone-poem, could be achieved by Debussyan methods, even if such subjects were in consonance with the composer's general trend of mind.[1] The mystical Maeterlinck symbolist play, *Pelléas and Mélisande*, is a

[1] E. W. protests, 'Beethoven is no doubt reported to have said that the first four notes of the C minor Symphony represented Fate knocking at the door; he is on equal authority reported to have said that they represented the note of some bird or other—but the latter interpretation is usually forgotten! I imagine that more pseudo-emotional nonsense has been written about the "fate-meaning" of this Symphony than about any other imaginary "meaning"—which is saying a good deal. The *Hero's Life* interpretation being definitely, even anxiously, authenticated in all its details isn't *pari passu*, is it?'

natural choice as the subject of an opera ; his style suits it perfectly. The opera is a masterpiece that can never be repeated, for the combination of librettist and composer will assuredly never occur again. Mallarmé's *Afternoon of a Faun* is another obvious choice as the subject for an orchestral piece, and its summer haze and heat are wonderfully suggested. It is very interesting to recall that Manet illustrated the first edition of this poem, so that we have here a concentration upon one and the same subject of the efforts of a leading Symbolist poet, a leading Impressionist painter, and the leading Symbolist-Impressionist composer.[1]

Clouds and *The Sea* are other orchestral examples of nature 'impressions', and amongst the piano pieces are *Gardens in the Rain*, *Reflections in the Water*, *Goldfish*, *Mists*, *Dead Leaves*, and many others.

There is in everything Debussy has written a suggestion of aristocratic refinement. The Symbolists and Impressionists were a sort of aristocracy. Mallarmé scorned the crowd and administered the duties of a sort of esoteric priesthood. There was a certain superiority about all these subtle practitioners of the three arts and perhaps they loved art rather than humanity. This apt remark has been made about Debussy's music—'It is lonely music ; there are no *people* in it.'

Properly considered Impressionism is a Phase of Romanticism, but it is Romanticism become reticent, or at least more impersonal. The heart is there, but it is no longer worn on the sleeve.

NOTE

Of late, particularly in France, protests have been made against the labelling of Debussy as an Impressionist Composer.

Such protests seem to be based mainly upon the idea that by the application of the word 'Impressionist' there is implied something

[1] It is terrible to imagine what things the realist Strauss would have done had he attempted a tone-poem on that subject. What an afternoon that Faun would have had!

derogatory to Debussy as a master of musical form. Those who make the objection appear to believe that Impressionist painting is formless; this matter is put upon the right footing in the quotation from *The Times* above given, and nothing need be added to that.

Another idea seems to be that the word 'Impressionist' as applied to Debussy suggests that he was a painter of musical landscapes, whereas it is rather the *emotional suggestions* of a landscape that he conveys. This second objection seems to be really stupid, since apart from the fact that to paint a landscape in sounds is an impossibility, it is Debussy's very skill in conveying the emotional suggestion of a scene of nature that is so marked, and that most entitles him to the description 'Impressionist'.[1]

It is amazing that any one should cavil at one of the aptest labels ever yet attached to the baggage of any composer as it started its travels down the ages, and the objections are only alluded to here so that it may not be thought that this chapter has been written in ignorance of them. As has been shown in this chapter, an approach to parallelism between Debussy's music and the poetry of the Symbolists and the painting of the Impressionists is clearly defined, and the personal relations between Debussy and the Symbolist poets and Impressionist painters were close.

The Art of Ravel

Having discussed at some length the nature of Debussy's contribution to the art of music, it is comparatively easy, by defining differences, to discuss that of Ravel. Yet if this handy method be adopted, with it must go the warning that Ravel is no mere secondary Debussy and no mere disciple. Ravel is discussed second on purely chronological grounds, and described relatively on grounds of convenience.

Debussy and Ravel are both 'Impressionists', but Ravel is less truly so than Debussy, inasmuch as his music is less 'misty' or 'atmospheric'. Put Franck and d'Indy on one side and Debussy and Ravel on the other and you seem to

[1] In any case, the critic Debussy, introducing his mythical character of Mr. Quaver (Monsieur Croche), into whose mouth he was accustomed to put his own opinions, was able to say of him, 'that he spoke of a score as if he were speaking of a picture, hardly ever using technical terms', so that the parallel between Debussy's art and that of a certain school of painters would not be entirely repudiated by the composer himself.

have two distinct styles; then take Franck and d'Indy out of the discussion altogether and look only at Debussy and Ravel, and their distinction of style becomes clear enough. (Put red on one side and various blues on the other and you have an evident contrast; put red out of sight and your various shades of blue begin to sort themselves into classifications of their own.)

Debussy and Ravel—a Comparison

Comparing any sufficiently large body of mature work of the two composers, it will be realized that Debussy's is more 'fluid' and Ravel's somewhat more 'solid', i. e. more firm and clear in its outlines. Or Debussy's work is rather more 'subjective' and Ravel's more 'objective'. Partly this shows itself in differences of harmonic idiom. A good way of realizing the difference would be to hear, on consecutive evenings, Debussy's Opera, *Pelléas and Mélisande,* and Ravel's Opera, *L'Heure Espagnole.* It would then be found that Debussy was much more occupied in evoking emotional 'atmosphere', and Ravel in musically characterizing the sense of words which expressed clear thoughts or described dramatic 'events'. To this the rejoinder may be made that the literary subjects are very different and call for widely differing treatment, but to that may be re-rejoined that nobody imposed these subjects upon the respective composers, and that their very choice of them emphasizes the psychological difference between the two men.

The Italian composer, Casella, has drawn a fairly apt parallel by suggesting that as Schumann stands to Mendelssohn in German Romanticism, so does Debussy stand to Ravel in French Impressionism.

One great distinction between Franck on the one hand and Debussy-Ravel on the other is that the Franck music is charged with Christian feeling (mystical Christian feeling, that is), whereas the Debussy-Ravel music is an expression of Paganism. Analysing further, Debussy represents the more

shadowy side of Paganism (take *The Afternoon of a Faun* as an example) and Ravel the more clean-cut type of Pagan mythology (take *Daphnis and Chloe* as an example).

Both composers were opposed to the 'big' ideas of the Beethoven-Brahms school, both were careful manipulators of scraps of detail, but Ravel is a little more concerned with the planning and arrangement of his detail. To use the cant phrase, he is a trifle more 'cerebral'; he keeps command over himself and plans very exactly, and he tends to observe rather more closely than Debussy the principles of classical musical form.

Somebody has compared Ravel as a composer with Poe as a poet—Poe who maintained that there was no 'chance' in art any more than in mechanics, and that a poet's 'happy find' is as much the consequence of a train of reasoning as an engineer's 'invention'. When Poe wrote his famous essay on *The Philosophy of Composition* he was ignorant of what a more modern psychology has revealed to us of the workings and relations of the conscious and subconscious mind. It is now clear to us that one poet may depend much more than another on (conscious) reasoning and less on (subconscious) 'intuition', which is, after all, probably only a concealed reasoning; and so, in musical composition, Ravel seems to depend more upon the conscious than Debussy, and as a consequence the workings of his mind are seen by us in a whiter light. Debussy's music seems to 'grow' like an organism where Ravel's is more worked out to a scheme. Another Italian composer-critic, Pizzetti, has said that Ravel interests the listener's intelligence rather more than it interests his heart, and that is, perhaps, the same thought expressed in another way.

It seems strange to any one who knows the 'indolent voluptuous Massenet' to be told that he influenced Debussy, yet we have Debussy's word for this, and going back to his earlier works can find confirmation. Ravel, on the other hand,

was more influenced by the colder, less sensuous style of the classically-minded Saint-Saëns.

Debussy's frequent use of the essentially vague 'whole-tone' scale has been mentioned; Ravel uses it practically not at all. This is typical.

Both Debussy and Ravel are ironists—especially Ravel. They both look on at life rather than throw themselves into it, and somewhat lack the large sense of humanity, of fraternity.

Like Debussy, Ravel is a great inventor of novel 'effects'. From *Playing Fountains* (*Jeux d'eau*) onwards his additions to the stock-in-trade of the piano composer have been frequent and valuable. In orchestration he is equally original. Mr. Roland-Manuel has said that of all beings Ravel and Stravinsky best know the weight of a soft trombone chord, a 'cello harmonic, a *pianissimo* touch of the Tam-tam in relation with such-and-such an orchestral grouping. He makes a distinction between Debussy and Ravel as to orchestration which confirms from another side all that has just been said as to the difference between temperaments and methods—Ravel's music is fairly easy to conduct; follow the composer's directions and his effects are produced: Debussy's music is very difficult to conduct; the securing of the effects is a matter of extremest delicacy and requires enormous ability, and even the possessor of such ability seems to be somewhat in the hands of 'luck', succeeding on one occasion and, with the same orchestra in the same room, failing on another.

Like Debussy, Ravel is a harmonic innovator. Both men use parallel thirds, fourths, fifths, &c., very freely, but Debussy inclines more to the use of parallel ninths than Ravel, who favours parallel sevenths.

No composer has gone further than Ravel in the suggestion of economy—in giving the impression that every note of his music is essential.

As to literary influences, Ravel (despite what has just been said about his Opera) has accepted much the same as Debussy,

with a slightly greater appreciation of some less definitely 'impressionistic' and 'symbolist' poets. He has compositions based upon Mallarmé, Verlaine, Verhaeren, Henri de Regnier, Jules Renard, Tristan Klingsor, Franc Nohain, and others, but he has also felt the value of some poetic inspiration of the past—Marot, Perrault, Mme. d'Aulnoy, and the Princesse de Beaumont.

OTHER IMPRESSIONISTS (OR PARTIAL IMPRESSIONISTS)

Amongst French composers, Dukas, Florent Schmitt, Roussel, de Séverac, and others, are more or less closely allied with the Impressionist party.[1]

Amongst British composers, Delius reflects Impressionist influence (Mr. Philip Heseltine's remark in the *Dictionary of Modern Musicians* that Delius' art is the 'reverse of impressionistic' because with Delius 'Nature is interpreted not as a series of external phenomena, but rather as an integral part of the soul itself', and so forth, is not overlooked when this statement is made, but it is made nevertheless—on the view that the writer referred to has implied so narrow a definition of Impressionism (confusing it with the cruder forms of Realism) that it would actually exclude Debussy himself.)

Mr. Charles Marriott has remarked in his *Modern Movements in Painting*—'Whatever Impressionism is, or is not, it is a form of Realism; but if we describe Impressionism in painting as a refinement of Realism with particular reference to conditions of light and atmosphere, we shall be near enough the truth for practical purposes.' Yet by 'Realism' and 'Impressionism' we commonly mean two very different things; it would surprise most listeners to hear Delius described as a

[1] E. W. thinks de Séverac deserves a little more notice here, 'if only in virtue of that very great little piece, *A Corner of a Cemetery in Springtime*'.

'Realist' composer, and satisfy most listeners to hear him described as at least an Impressionist-influenced one.[1]

As a side-light it may be remembered that Ravel and Florent Schmitt, themselves composers of the Impressionist School, were admirers and helpers of Delius before the world knew much of him.

There are strong traces of Impressionist influences in Vaughan Williams also, and it may be recalled that amongst the many teachers whose advice he has sought, is Ravel.

Perhaps, too, Bax has something of the Impressionist in him, and certainly there is an analogy to be traced between the Celtic literary influence in his work and the Mallarmé-Maeterlinck mistiness that appealed to Debussy.

It is impossible to hear John Ireland's (Orchestral) *Forgotten Rite* or his (Pianoforte) *Island Spell* without thinking that the work of the French Impressionist has counted for something in his development.

Cyril Scott has, in some of his compositions, shown very strong Impressionistic influences, so that he has occasionally received the decided compliment of being called 'The English Debussy'.

The Alsatian composer, Loeffler (American by adoption), shows very distinct Impressionist leanings in many of his works.

And so one might go on! Pure musical Impressionism is now a waning force, but it is a force nevertheless.

The German composers have been little influenced by the French Impressionists, the Italians and Spaniards more so. Respighi and de Falla are examples of the modern partial application of Impressionist methods. Respighi has alluded

[1] Definitions of Impressionism are sometimes blurred by the interaction of the influences on its literary, pictorial, and musical exponents. In this connexion it may surprise some readers to recollect that the literary 'Realist', Zola, was the great inspirer of Impressionism as a creed for painters.

to Debussy as follows—'The spirit, the aesthetics and technique of modern music were not established in a precise, lasting, and definite manner until the appearance of the *Nocturnes*, the G minor Quartet, *The Afternoon of a Faun*, and *Pelléas and Mélisande*. . . . Debussy's work represents the greatest revolution in modern musical art.'

LEADING IMPRESSIONIST COMPOSERS

DEBUSSY

Debussy was almost a Parisian by birth, as he was decidedly one by spirit. He was born in 1862 at Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

Debussy.

At twelve he was sent to the Paris Conservatoire, and here he did well, winning honours in pianoforte and other subjects. His harmony professor was Guiraud, the then popular opera-composer, whose favourite pupil he became.

In 1884, aged twenty-two, Debussy won the Prix de Rome, which entitled him to a period of three years of quiet work at the Villa Medici. The work which won him the distinction was the biblical Cantata *The Prodigal Son*, which is occasionally still to be heard, staged as an opera. It offers little suggestion of the 'impressionistic' style which we now consider to be characteristic of the Composer.

One of the conditions attached to the award is that the recipient shall send home each year a composition of some serious value. The first work so sent by Debussy was the Symphonic Suite, *Spring*, the second the delicate setting for orchestra and female voices of a translation of Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*. Neither of these works was well received by the tribunal appointed to report upon it, and neither was allowed the usual public performance. From a comparison of these works with the one which won him the prize it would appear as though the prize work, however able, had been deliberately 'written down' to the style thought to be acceptable to the examiners.

Two strong influences on Debussy's development were that of Wagner, afterwards pretty completely cast off, and that of the Russian national school, especially Musorgsky. There was even a short stay in Russia (at seventeen, as private pianist to the wife of a railway contractor), and the Russian influence was a vital factor in the Composer's development. Debussy had met Balakiref, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakof in Russia, but not Musorgsky, whose works, however, he closely studied. He made some little study of the Russian gipsy music.

At the period when Debussy left Rome for Paris, the Mallarmé coterie was in full strength there. Debussy, as already related, became an habitué of the Mallarmé salon, associating with the poets, painters and sculptors whose innovations were, as they intended, to prise the world of literature and art out of the groove of routine in which it was heavily rolling, and give it a freer course. The world of literature and art is rarely without some little band of workers of this type, but the trouble seems to be that when prised out of the groove, instead of running free it simply falls into another and runs in that until the next group of indignant enthusiasts takes it in hand. All this Providence has apparently ordained! It is a process of nature that on the whole works for the enrichment of the art.

Gradually Debussy made his way. A music-loving music publisher, Hartmann, encouraged him with needed money help (to save the composer's pride the publisher took IOUs, and when he died, his executor, more 'hart Mann' than Hartmann, insisted on their being redeemed).

In 1894, when Debussy was thirty-two, his *Afternoon of a Faun* was performed and created much discussion by its freedom of harmony and of form, and the novelty of its general style. So did a String Quartet (the only one he ever wrote), some Piano Pieces and Songs, and also some further orchestral works.

When in 1902 (aged forty) Debussy produced his Opera, *Pelléas and Mélisande*, the stir aroused by the *Afternoon of a Faun* broke out anew. To begin with, Maeterlinck, whose Drama Debussy had thus set to music, although he had given permission, now objected because Debussy had omitted certain scenes. Then the style of the vocal solo work was very new; it was like one long recitative, and

that of what seemed to many people a very unvaried sing-song or plain-chant character. Further, the frequent absence of the customary 'tonality' (or adherence to a key) made the harmony sound very vague. Moreover, the orchestration was 'economical'; there were no rousing outbursts of tone, the work seemed to be tinted rather than coloured, and the tints seemed to be all greys. The fact is *Pelléas* is a triumph of understatement, and understatement, though an effective method in argument with an intelligent individual, will not do with, say, the crowd at an election meeting. *Pelléas* is a masterpiece and its public will probably go on increasing, but it will assuredly never be the work for the society dame or the 'tired business man'.

The piano compositions of Debussy are of very great importance. He really understands the instrument—as Chopin had understood it. He writes piano music, not orchestral music for piano, yet he obtains effects of sonority and colour that approach the orchestral; important use of effects of the pedal (or rather of both pedals) is a characteristic, so that the feet become almost as important as the fingers.

The many songs of Debussy are delicate and 'impressionistic' rather than 'tuneful'.

Amongst the most important of the orchestral pieces not already mentioned in this biographical sketch is *The Sea.*

There is some Chamber Music in addition to the Quartet just referred to—a Sonata for Violin and Piano, another for 'Cello and Piano, &c. And there are other things.

Debussy died in 1918 after a long and painful illness during which he continued bravely at work.

RAVEL

Ravel is of Basque descent, and was born in 1875 at Ciboure, near St. Jean de Luz, amongst the foothills of the Pyrenees. Since childhood he has, however, lived in or near Paris. He entered the Conservatoire and studied the piano with Charles de Bériot, counterpoint with Gédalge, and composition with Fauré.

As a boy he had become an enthusiastic admirer of the vivacious melody, bright rhythms, and clear orchestration of Chabrier, whom he met and whose influence on him was great, as was that of his master Fauré, with his respect for classic forms. Erik Satie (1866 to 1925), nine years his senior, the most daring harmonic innovator of the time, a composer who feared neither God nor man but did what seemed good in his own eyes, also exercised influence on him, both personally and through his compositions. Ravel tried later to help Satie, who was always miserably poor and never knew how to win public recognition, but, like other wayward geniuses, Satie was unhelpable. As already mentioned (page 13) Satie's influence on Debussy has been considerable.

Ravel.

Satie was a born iconoclast. He was one of those who are always 'agin the government', and the government of those days, as it happened, was largely Wagnerian, that is, it approved 'big' ideas, highly developed on the 'Leitmotif' system, with heavy orchestration, whereas Satie and his disciples (of whom Debussy and Ravel are only two of a large number) looked upon those things as opposed to the Latin temperament, and desired a greater directness. The mad whimsicality of Satie was one thing that stood in the way of his own recognition—writing his scores in red ink, often without bar lines, giving them incomprehensible titles, &c. Ravel also has a whimsical strain—but he has also common sense and balance.

As a competitor for the Prix de Rome, Ravel was unlucky. At twenty-six he won only the second prize, which did not entitle him to take up residence in Rome. At twenty-eight his failure aroused strong protests, in which his teacher, Fauré, joined. At thirty, still persevering, he was refused permission to sit for the preliminary test. He was by now well known as a composer of works which rank high amongst his output, as they always must do, such as the *Habanera* (later to become a part of the *Spanish Rhapsody*), the popular piano piece, *Pavane for a Dead Infanta* (which first, perhaps, won him a

wide public), the brilliant and original piano piece, *Playing Fountains* (*Jeux d'eau*), and, above all, the fine String Quartet.

The incident provoked a real storm of indignation. The *Matin* published an interview with the victim; the *Mercure de France* followed with a stirring article ('is this prize always to be given as the reward of intrigue or bestowed by imbeciles?') and all that was lacking to the completeness and force of the journalistic campaign that now opened was the survival of Berlioz who, himself a Rome Prize-man, had in his day written some very sarcastic pages on the almost incredible stupidity of the conditions under which the awards were made (probably nobody more regretted Berlioz's absence than Berlioz himself; one can imagine him 'leaning over the bar of heaven' with dissatisfaction; it was a lost opportunity!). The fuss over this rejection led to the resignation of Dubois from the direction of the Conservatoire and the appointment of Fauré in his place. Anyhow, Ravel's disappointment brought 'publicity'—in abundance!

The piano Sonatina followed, with various Songs, the *Mirrors* for Piano, the curious *Natural Histories* for Voice and Piano, the orchestral *Spanish Rhapsody*, the witty Comic Opera *L'Heure Espagnole*,[1] the three Piano Pieces constituting the set, *Gaspard of the Night* (upon strange poems of Bertrand), the five Piano Pieces *Mother Goose* (*Ma Mère l'Oye*—later orchestrated and turned into a Ballet), and, above all, the Ballet usually considered the composer's masterpiece, *Daphnis and Chloe* (on the stocks from 1906 to 1911, and performed in 1912, with decorations by Bakst, and with Karsavina and Nijinsky amongst the protagonists).

Later works have been a good many Songs, the Piano pieces collectively called *The Tomb of Couperin*, the very daring Sonata for Violin and 'Cello alone, and a number of other things.

[1] It is difficult to translate this title, 'Heure' constituting a slight play upon a word which can mean either 'hour' or 'time'—the plot is about clocks.

PERIOD VII

The Neo-Romantics

XX

THE NEO-ROMANTICS

As the nineteenth century wore on there came into view a new succession of romantic composers. We might call them the Post-Lisztian Romantics, for all were continuators of the work of Liszt. Or we might call them the Post-Wagnerian Romantics, for none of them would have written as they did but for the example of Wagner, and some of them are direct continuators of his work.

Franck

Franck and Strauss are two of these. The nature and artistic aims of Franck are as different as possible from those of Strauss. Strauss' heart is in the theatre, and from it he emerges into the concert room to give us music of an almost always dramatic kind. Franck's heart was in the church, and from it he emerged into the concert room to give us music fraught with all the spirituality of the atmosphere of the place he had left. Occasionally, too, he reached the theatre, but there he was utterly *dépaysé* and, after a rapid failure, quickly returned. He was, indeed, in a sense, an enemy of the theatre, for he helped to show a nation to whom music had usually meant the stage, that, like other nations, they had, if they would only recognize it, a talent, too, for 'absolute music'. France had, up to this time, been too much devoted to Italian and quasi-Italian Opera. This composer showed it that the Symphony and the String Quartet also could offer worthy entertainment.

Franck revived and remodelled the classic forms. He was soaked in Bach's polyphony and in Beethoven's symphonic style, and he eagerly accepted the warm humanity of both these composers. And from Liszt and Wagner (respectively eleven and nine years older than he) he learnt the new methods

of flexible construction, and from the latter the ease of modulation that comes with the adroit use of chromatic harmonies. He used generative phrases, out of which a composition grew organically. He employed a 'cyclical treatment', re-introducing the same themes in the several movements of a composition, and so connecting them by a thread of unity. In his *Symphonic Variations* for Piano and Orchestra he revelled in the Variation form, with its facilities for showing a musical theme in different lights. In orchestration he was distinctive, but perhaps there is some truth in the allegation that he used his instruments as he used the stops of his organ, and produced an effect of well-thought-out organ 'registration' rather than of discriminative orchestration.

Franck was a Romantic, but where Strauss is a Pagan Romantic he is a Christian Romantic—a sort of later Lamartine of music. He could depict struggle, but he could not depict evil, and when, for dramatic purposes, he tried to do the latter he fell into commonplace.

Franck's creed and his art were one with his life. Debussy, whose life and artistic aims were different, said of him, perhaps a little sentimentally, in a newspaper article one Good Friday:

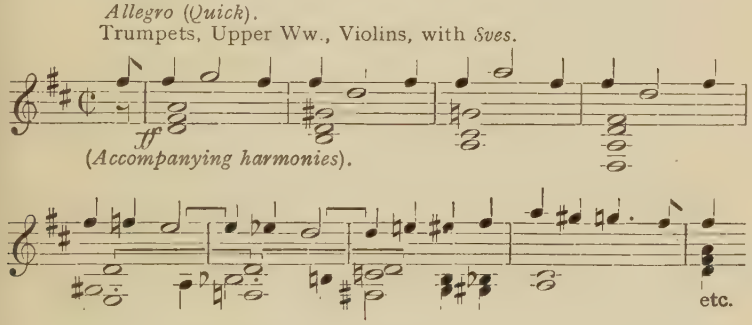
> I could wish to have drawn the picture of Franck more firmly, in order that every reader might have carried away a definite memory of it. It is a good thing, amongst our too pressing preoccupations, to fix our minds on the great musicians. I have made Good Friday the occasion of offering my homage to one of the greatest of these, thinking that this homage would correspond a little with the idea of sacrifice. . . .

Franck and Debussy were the founders of two very distinct schools, Debussy's (as has already been seen) the school of musical impressionism, and Franck's a school of a sort of modification of the older and heavier type of romanticism. It is commonly said that Debussy was much the more definitely and distinctively French; perhaps he was, and not only

French but Parisian, whereas Franck (a Belgian born) is little of a Latin and so far from being in mind a Parisian, is always humanly provincial. There is nothing of the man-about-town or of the salon favourite about Franck. He belongs, indeed, rather to the cloister than to the drawing-room; he is a mystic, the Fra Angelico of music.

There is a peculiar and moving kind of mystical exaltation about Franck; at his climaxes he rises to real sublimity, and it seems as though he were adding his part to a choir of angels, seen and heard by him, though not by us. He is generally lyrical; his music sings.

The melodies of Franck are peculiarly his own. They tend strangely often to circle about one note, e. g. the F sharp in the great tune of his Symphony:



The Italian composer, Casella, has complained that there is some lack of rhythmic variety in Franck. Perhaps there is; it is a part of the lyric or non-dramatic character of his music. He is often long; Debussy said of him, 'Franck had a prodigious carelessness about time because he did not know what it was to be bored.' Probably he did not. He lived his life eagerly and earnestly, and all he did interested him.

Franck was not of a deeply literary turn. So far as his work was based on literature it was the definitely romantic authors to whom he turned for inspiration—Leconte de

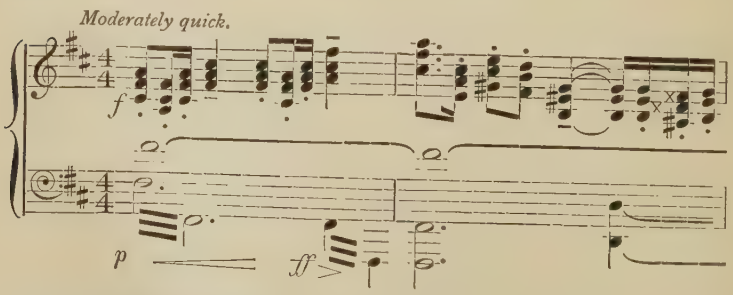
Lisle (Symphonic Poem, *The Eolides*), Bürger (Symphonic Poem, *The Accursed Hunter*), Hugo (Symphonic Poem, *The Djinns*).

Though much of the piano music of Franck (which constitutes an important part of his output) demands a virtuoso to perform it, there is only one work, the *Symphonic Variations* for Piano and Orchestra, in which he indulges in virtuoso display, and even then he does not sacrifice emotional intensity to showiness.

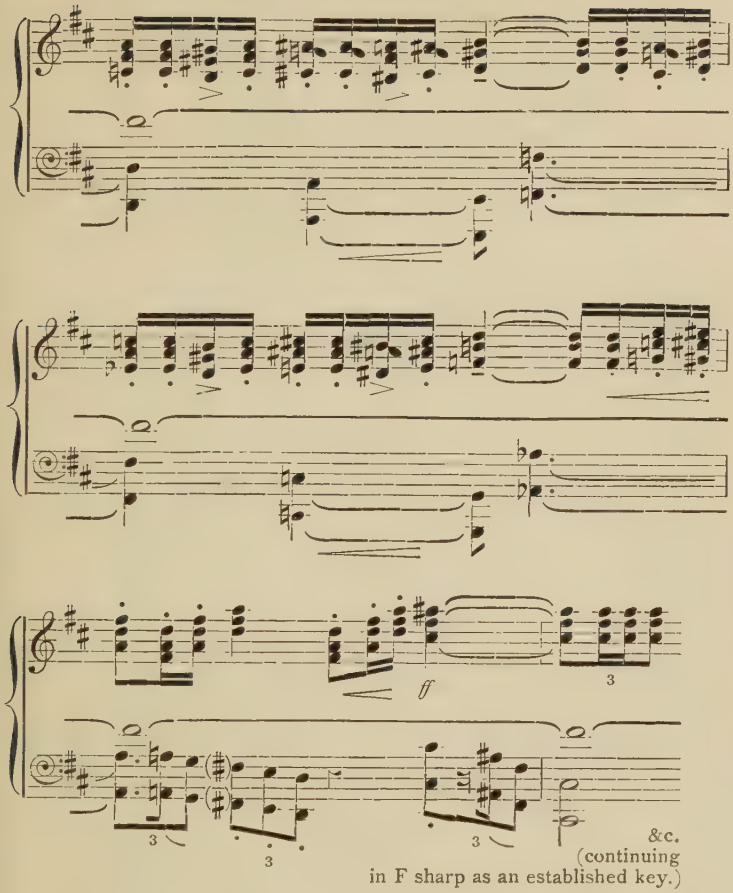
Richard Strauss

Richard Strauss enjoys a double fame. He is the most able successor of Liszt as a master of the Symphonic Poem, and of Wagner as a composer of Music Drama. It is impossible to imagine his doing what he has done had either of these men not preceded him.

The most obvious difference between the scores of a Liszt Symphonic Poem and one by Strauss is not in any divergence as to artistic aim, but in a more 'advanced' harmony and orchestration and in a better standard of workmanship. The subject of Strauss' harmony cannot be discussed in any very technical way in a book intended for the layman-listener. An example may, however, be given, and it is explained in a footnote for the benefit of readers who have at least a little technical knowledge of harmony.[1]



[1] It is a passage from the opening of *Don Quixote*—the Knight's vision of a battle between a hero and a giant. Muted Trumpets play the Hero



theme, which begins and ends with a fanfare-like *motif*. Two Tubas and Double Basses, all muted, play the bass, the Giant theme (Double Bassoons and muted Violins also help a little).

Note first the F sharp held resolutely by the Oboe, regardless of consequences. This clashing inner 'Pedal' is itself typical.

The first bar and a half are quite simple. Thence there would seem to be no definite sense of key at all until the beginning of the fifth bar. We have simply a chord, common enough in itself, rising chromatically over a bass which takes its own independent course. Sometimes the bass and

Strauss' orchestration is very able and very personal—so personal that one could recognize a few phrases of a Strauss Tone Poem by its orchestration alone, as one can recognize an Andrea del Sarto at a glance, by the clothes of the persons pictured.

There remains the question of general workmanship. First it may be said that Strauss at his best, or perhaps on the whole, makes use of better materials than Liszt. His melodic themes and *motifs* are generally stronger and more significant, and he has more rhythmic variety.

Secondly, his use of those themes and *motifs* shows a greater care and judgement. He is a master of the processes of thematic development, and, equally, a master of counterpoint, for he can weave together melodies with the greatest ease and effectiveness. He is, further, a master of form; he can unfold in music a literary idea, and in doing so achieve at the same time a high architectural value. With his enhanced harmonic and orchestral resources he can express in subtler detail an emotional scheme. In one sense the difference between Tone Poems by Liszt and by Strauss resembles that between Symphonies by Mozart and Beethoven; as music has taken on new powers with Beethoven and so can achieve a greater emotional intensity, so again it has done with Strauss. The genuinely romantic opportunities of musical expression are much emphasized when they come into hands such as his. With the sum of all the powers just mentioned he has been able to make a bigger and more complete thing of the Tone Poem than any of his predecessors or any of his contemporaries.

the upper parts combine to form some familiar chord (as dominant seventh or diminished seventh), but though there is method there is apparently no diatonic basis.

Last characteristic of all—at bar 5 we emerge with D major only to plunge immediately into the unrelated F sharp major, and to 'carry on' in that key on the calm assumption that it is accepted and established.

The art of Strauss is a very supple one, and when he fails it is not from want of skill and power, but from want of judgement. To begin with, he is a great realist, and this fairly often leads him astray. In his *Don Quixote* Tone Poem when the windmill is to be tilted at he makes use of a 'Wind Machine', and at once the attention of every one in the audience is drawn from the character of the hero and centred upon a matter-of-fact material detail: poetry is 'thrown to the winds'. When in the same piece we hear the extremely realistic bleating of sheep we may say that better sheep were never 'penned', but the thought comes that if sheep are made to talk, why not also the Don and Sancho, and we become uneasy here, as we do in the *Alpine Symphony*, when cowbells are heard, for it is clear that a piece of direct imitation has been inserted just because direct imitation happened to be, for the moment, possible and not to satisfy any musical or poetic need.[1] The bathing of the baby in the *Domestic Symphony*, the battle and the quarrelling of the pedants in the *Hero's Life*, the 'Brook', the 'Waterfall', the 'Glacier', and the 'Losing the Way' in the *Alpine Symphony* are somewhat similar examples of a sort of childishness that has grown upon Strauss until in the last-named work he has sunk to the level of the gentleman who plays 'The Storm' to summer visitors in the church at Lucerne, or his fellow-worker who has embellished the building with iron chancel gates that, flat and a mere inch thick as they are, embody an effect of perspective, and so simulate an extended iron arcading.[2]

[1] In this matter Strauss may be compared with one or two of the early Venetian painters (notably Crivelli, 1430–94), who occasionally took an opportunity to break from representation into realism, attaching an actual jewel to their canvas instead of merely painting it.

[2] 'Properly, perhaps, we ought to discriminate between (*a*) what Strauss actually mentions in his scores; (*b*) what is, though not so mentioned, understood to be approved by him (e. g. the sheep and the windmills); and (*c*) what, so far as I know, is due merely to commentators (e. g. the baby's bath —not at all obvious, really, in the score).' E. W.

These things are not art, they are mere playful puerilities, and the mind absorbed in the production of such is very apt to let the demand for artistic quality drop out of sight. How far Strauss has sometimes been led to do this may be realized by playing the *Alpine Symphony* from the piano score or the *Hero's Life* from its 'Pianola' Rolls. The glamour of the vivid Straussian orchestration being put aside, one finds there is little left to interest one so far as these particular pieces are concerned; Liszt, one may almost say, would stand the test equally well. *Till Owlglass' Merry Pranks* is the Tone Poem which best stands this test, and it stands it very well. It is written to a very detailed programme, but it is, to begin with, largely a humorous work, which justifies certain things which might otherwise have been felt to be out of place. But the great merit that saves it is the musical quality of the themes themselves.

Another weakness of Strauss is his megalomania. Nearly all his works call for a huge orchestra, and in many places they are complex beyond the point of effectiveness. The composer, Ernest Bloch, who was for a time intimate with both Strauss and Debussy and observed their methods, once said that when Strauss had finished an orchestral score he did not rest until he had added still more contrapuntal devices, piling complication upon complication, whereas Debussy was never satisfied until he had taken out of his score as many notes as possible, and simplified it to the last degree. Strauss' megalomania is more than a mere technical error; he is a victim of a temporary national failing—a worshipper of the 'Superman' and long a great admirer of the ex-Kaiser. Moreover he often succumbs to the German weakness for profundity, as in his Tone Poem, *Thus Spake Zoroaster*, based on Nietzsche.

But his greatest mistake, as an orchestral composer, is in misunderstanding the nature of programme music. If he were content to represent the emotions inherent in a dramatic event or a picture all would be well, and nobody could do this

better than he; if he wants to reproduce the drama or the picture itself he should have been born a dramatist or a painter.

A number of stories have been told to illustrate Strauss' belief in music's power of realistic reproduction. One (told by Guttmann, a Vienna concert manager) relates that, at supper, after a performance of the *Domestic Symphony*, Strauss dropped a knife and fork quietly on the table and said, 'To reproduce a little noise like that so that there may be no doubt in the mind of the hearer as to what made it, requires great artistic technique. I'd like to carry it that far.' Another tells how, sitting at lunch in Boston, with the composer Martin Loeffler, he prophesied that the descriptive capacity of music would some day be developed to such a point that it would be possible to delineate a fork (picking one up) so accurately that every listener in the concert room would recognize it. A third (told by Felix Mottl, the great conductor) is as follows: 'Strauss once asked me if I had ever noticed that one of the women in his *Don Juan* Symphonic Poem had red hair. I replied that often as I had conducted the work I had never dreamed that one of the Don's victims was red-headed. "Then I have failed!" said the composer. "I thought every one would recognize that".'[1]

Yet when all is said, Strauss is a great master. Ernest Newman, in his very thoughtful volume on Strauss, written, it is true, in 1907, before some of the weakest works had appeared, says (with a curious mixture of metaphor): 'Even when he is spoiling a fine picture by inserting in it details that set one's teeth on edge by their inappropriateness, or their inanity, he always weaves the threads together, the cotton with the silk, in masterly fashion.' The fact is that Strauss would have been

[1] These three stories are retailed by the late H. E. Krehbiel in *The Musical Digest*, August 29, 1921. There is probably an element of either joking or boastfulness (or both) about all the assertions, but they do, at any rate, indicate a trend of mind—possibly a real obsession with problems of tonal imitation.

a greater musician had he been a greater man. There seems to be some weakness in his character, some lack of essential nobility of temperament.

This weakness shows itself also in his Operas. The best of them, the brilliantly written *The Knight of the Rose*, opens with a scene in which a young boy of unbroken voice is seen in a position that, as a setting for sentiment and humour, must be repugnant to any spectator with ideals, and this same work ends with an Act devoted largely to farce of a very cheap kind, quite out of keeping with the Acts that have preceded it. The Music Drama, *Salome*, based on Oscar Wilde's play (which in its turn was based on Flaubert), is painful in its realistic representation of eroticism and cruelty, and its music is only too well fitted to its libretto. There is a strong vein of morbidity about the German Neo-romantic school, and it is probably a sign of decadence.[1]

If one were asked to describe Strauss in two or three words one would call him a Realistic-Romantic. He is, in a way, the Zola of Music.

> By temperament and manner Zola belongs emphatically to the romanticists; his sweeping pen, his characterizations of types, his profusion, his colour, his mass formation, even his exaggeration stamp him indelibly of the school of Hugo. . . . There was the other Zola of the realist revolt, who broke away with Flaubert from the imaginary into the natural world, and who wedded the 'romantic' style to the realistic matter by depicting what he saw and heard and smelt and touched. To this realistic influence is to be added the scientific doctrine of writers like Taine. Zola was ridden by philosophic theories [here follows an allusion to the Rougon-Macquart series]. . . . It is bad Taine and bad Hugo; bad science and bad fiction, because an imperfect amalgam of both; and, almost necessarily, the products of vice occupied him more than those of virtue. . . . The best

[1] 'What about *The Woman without a Shadow*, which seems to me to contain some of Strauss' very biggest and finest music?' E. W.

of Zola is the temperament, a poetic one which carried his readers forward as on a flood. (Magnus, *Dictionary of European Literature*.)

A very slight paraphrase of this would fit Strauss. The development seen in the works of the two men runs about parallel: there are three Strausses as there are three Zolas—the Romanticist, the Realist, and the Philosopher (the last-named Strauss cropping up in a good many works, but being most clearly represented by the Nietzschean Tone Poem, *Thus Spake Zoroaster*).

Elgar

There are senses in which we might call Elgar an English Franck. Like Franck, he finds expression for his essentially romantic spirit rather through the symphonic than the dramatic. He never wrote an Opera, and though he has written a little Programme Music his greatest instrumental work is to be found in his two Symphonies and his Violin Concerto. But it may be admitted that his Oratorios and Cantatas show in some places a sense of the dramatic.

Like Franck, Elgar is a Christian Romantic; and like him is a Roman Catholic and a mystic. The Oratorios *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom* are expressions of his Christian Romanticism, and the Oratorio *The Dream of Gerontius* (a setting of Cardinal Newman's Poem) is an expression of a deeply poetic type of Roman Catholic religious feeling.

Elgar is a very sensitive and very subjective composer. He feels his music as much as 'composes' it; but he does compose it, too, and with a strong sense of form makes use of great gifts of melody, ever-varied chromatic harmony, and richly coloured orchestration. The passage from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony referred to on page 143 of vol. i of this book (the mystical linking passage between the Scherzo and the Finale)

is representative of a type of awed mystery that often recurs in Elgar, as for instance in the wonderful accompanied Cadenza of the Violin Concerto. A sort of reflective brooding is very common with him, as is also a totally distinct quality, that of a sonorous, swinging-rhythmical nobility ('nobilmente' is one of his frequent directions to his players).

Elgar, like Franck, has been charged with the inability to depict evil, and perhaps he rarely does so, but in a large part of *Gerontius* he achieves the feat. The snarling of the demons in that work is, by the way, one of the comparatively rare instances in his work of dramatic representation of details in the Straussian vein, another being Judas' flinging down of the thirty pieces of silver in *The Apostles*.

Elgar's most definitely 'programmatic' work is his Symphonic Poem *Falstaff*, a composition full of passages of the most wonderful beauty, yet so far as public appreciation goes a comparative failure, and necessarily so, since the events and passions represented succeed one another so rapidly that even the most conscientious listener, with his eyes riveted on the programme book which details the happenings, must almost inevitably lose his way and find himself struggling to read into some passage a thought or emotion that belongs to a previous or subsequent moment.[1]

Like Franck, in his symphonic works Elgar has tried to weld his Movements into one by the recurrence of themes. The First Symphony is one of the most notable examples in

[1] In 1906, as Peyton Professor of Music at Birmingham University, Elgar definitely declared himself in favour of abstract, as against 'programme' music. The *Cockaigne* Overture was written in 1900 and *Falstaff* in 1913. The 'Programme' of *Falstaff*, as given by the composer himself, divides the work into four sections: (1) Falstaff and Prince Henry; (2) Eastcheap, Gadshill, the Boar's Head, revelry and sleep; (3) Falstaff's March, the return through Gloucestershire, the new King, the hurried ride to London; (4) King Henry V's progress, the repudiation of Falstaff and his death. This gives but the main lines; there is much greater detail in the dramatic representation than that would indicate.

music of the successful use of this device. His Symphonies, however, remain true symphonies—as Mr. Bernard Shaw has well said, more Symphonies in the Beethovenian sense than any of Schumann, Mendelssohn, or Brahms.

A common gibe amongst young musicians a few years ago was that Elgar was 'the English Brahms'. Both men are seriously disposed and both are Classic Romantics, and that is about as far as the truth goes. In one respect the work of Elgar goes far beyond that of Brahms—he is a much more able orchestral colourist. He has learnt far more from Wagner than from Brahms, and doubtless to him owes his ability to carry on for considerable lengths the weaving of a continuous and highly contrapuntal web. To him he also owes the Leading Motif system which forms an effective feature of his oratorio scores, and to him he certainly owes a good deal of his chromatic harmony. There is also something of the *Parsifal* spirit in the Oratorios. To Liszt he necessarily owes something; most composers of the later nineteenth century do! To Strauss also there is an indebtedness; *Falstaff* might not have been written but for *Till Owlglass*. He is rather a contemporary than a follower of Strauss, however. Like Strauss, he has moments of secondrateness; these occur with Strauss when he is trying to be especially clever in a representative way, and with Elgar when he is trying to express a sort of Chamberlain-Kipling British imperialism, or when he is trying to unbend and to talk to the very man in the street, with *Salut d'amour* and the like. But he is never guilty of the vulgar eroticism of Strauss, and the faults just hinted at belong to the earlier part of his career.[1]

[1] This amusing anecdote, which I had from the Composer himself, deserves to be recorded. When Strauss' Opera *Salome* was first to be given in New York, Elgar was in the city for some performances of his Oratorios. Good people who were anxious to maintain the time-honoured purity of thought of New York society, organized a monster Prayer Meeting against the Opera. What more natural than that they should

Allusion has been made above to the occasional programme-music excursions of Elgar. In one composition of a sort of 'programme' character he is an innovator. In his *Enigma* Variations for Orchestra each treatment of the theme is designed to suggest the temperamental and occasionally physical characteristics of one of his friends, and many of the Variations have the initials of the friends in question attached to them.[1]

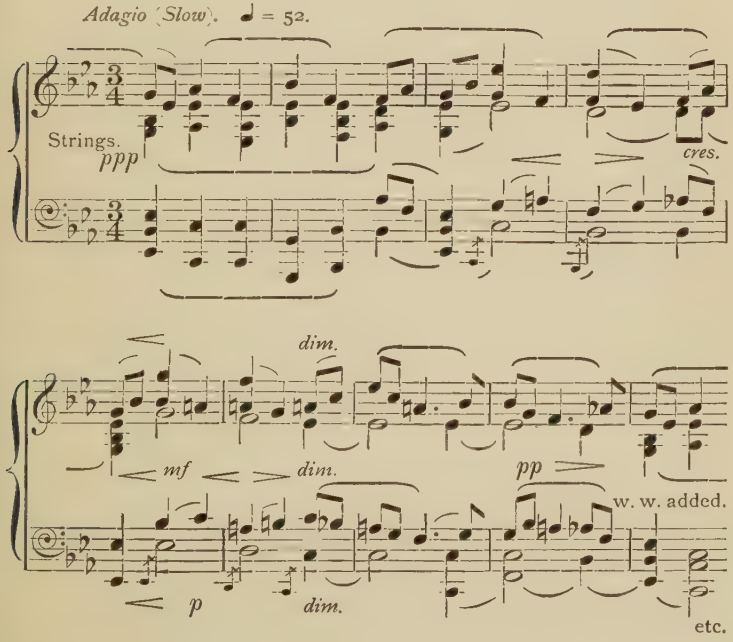
Elgar's Chamber Music appeared rather late in his career (curiously, since he began life as a violinist). It is competent and attractive, but does not rank with his Orchestral and Choral Music; it is in his personal idiom, but hardly reveals the bigness of his personality.

The recognition of Elgar abroad has been on the whole disappointing. This is alluded to in the short biography on pages 83–5. There is even in England a 'set' that does not care for his music. Professor Edward Dent, in an article on British music in *La Musica Contemporanea in Europa* (Milan, 1925), speaking of Liszt says, 'In England the best musicians have a real horror of him. The only composer who shows traces of his influence is Elgar, and Elgar, despite his brilliant style, is repugnant to many English musicians, by reason precisely of

count upon the sympathies of the Oratorio Composer against the Opera Composer, and ask Elgar to lead it? This invitation was, however, not accepted!

[1] An amusing revelation is about to be made at the moment when this book goes to press. The Composer has prepared for 'The World's Music' Series of 'Pianola' and 'Duo-Art' Rolls a descriptive analysis to appear on the Rolls of the Variations, and some passages to which fixed interpretations have until now been given by most annotated-programme writers are shown to have been wrongly understood. To give one example—a certain rapidly-running bass passage in the Variation devoted to the late Dr. G. R. Sinclair, of Hereford Cathedral, has always been spoken of as intended to represent this organist's pedalling. It now turns out to have been suggested by the sight of the organist's dog enjoying a swim in the river. So much for the power of music to tell a story!

that chevaleresque rhetoric which badly covers up his intrinsic vulgarity.'[1] This is the only reference to Elgar in a fifteen-page article of which Stanford receives a page and Rutland Boughton receives a page and a quarter.

Although, as elsewhere stated, America has a good deal neglected Elgar, yet some of the most thoughtfully appreciative criticism of his work has come from an American writer, Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason. (Mr. Newman is much the most understanding English critic of Elgar.) As a specimen of Elgar's very distinctive style there may be given here a passage from the 'Nimrod' Variation of the *Enigma* (the one work, by the way, that is pretty well known and appreciated in all countries):

[1] Professor Dent is a strong supporter of the 'Neo-Classic' school of Busoni.

Of this Mr. Mason says, 'It has all the tenderness coupled with aspiration, the noble plainness, that belong to Elgar at his best. And it is a striking fact that the originality of the passage (for no one but Elgar could have written it) is due to subtle, almost unanalysable qualities in the mode of composition rather than to any unusual features of style.'

He then acutely analyses the unanalysable—the 'predominance of simple triads and seventh chords, especially the more rugged sevenths for which Elgar has a noticeable fondness', the 'frequent use of suspensions', the 'restless motion of the bass', the tendency of the melody to 'large leaps, often of a seventh, in alternating directions, giving its line a shapely, serrated profile', and above all 'the rhythmic flexibility . . . the free sweep of the line scorning to rest on the accents, soaring through its long continuous flight like a bird in a favouring gale'. He concludes, 'We have here, then, the vein of expression, at once plain, serious and noble, which makes Elgar at his best both English and universal.' There is peculiar pleasure to a British admirer of Elgar in taking such an analysis of style as this from the writings of an American author.

MacDowell

Edward MacDowell, the most generally recognized composer America has yet produced, was essentially a Romantic—one of something like the Schumann kind, revelling in the expression of emotion of literary origin rather than the attempted reproduction of definite literary thought. Various items in the list of his works show his love of Heine, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Dante, Shakespeare (Symphonic Poem, *Hamlet and Ophelia*), Keats (Symphonic Poem, *Lamia*), Tennyson (Symphonic Poem, *Lancelot and Elaine*, &c.), and others of the romantic poets. The influence of Celtic legend is also strong (he came,

in after life, to realize how strong the power of his Celtic ancestry was within him and to pride himself upon it).[1] In innumerable compositions he shows himself a nature-lover, not merely of the kind that shows its love of nature by knocking birds out of the air and dragging fishes out of water (MacDowell's friends, seeing him return with a gun but no bag, used to say he 'only pretended to hunt'), but also of that kind that can be moved by a sunset or by 'the meanest flower that blows' (he wrote, by the way, many little pieces named after flowers).

MacDowell was a great admirer of Wagner and Liszt, of Tchaikovsky and Grieg, but not so much of Strauss (who apparently leaned too much to the realistic side for his taste) or of Brahms (who apparently leaned too much to the classical side). He seems to have known little of the music of Debussy (who was in boyhood a fellow pupil of his in Paris), and probably the 'impressionistic' style could make little appeal to a man whose leanings were all to the warmer German type of romantic expression.

MacDowell's four Piano Sonatas are respectively entitled *Tragica*, *Eroica*, *Norse*, and *Keltic*. The first was inspired by his emotions at the death of his old master, Raff (a composer whose love of nature and of legend must have been very congenial to him); the second was based upon the Arthurian legend in its Tennysonian setting; the third upon the Scandinavian legend of Gudrun and Sigurd; and the fourth upon the Celtic legends of Deidre and Cuchullin. This last he intended to dedicate to Fiona Macleod(William Sharp), and, but for the loss of a letter in the post, he would have done so; the spirit of Fiona Macleod's writings is the spirit of much of MacDowell—

[1] 'In all my work there is a Celtic influence. I love its colour and meaning. The development in music of that influence is, I believe, a new field' (quoted by Gilman). In later years, amongst 'home' composers of Great Britain, Celtic influence has become more pronounced, more definite, more avowed, notably in Bax (see p. 94).

the spirit Wordsworth recognized in the song of the Highland Reaper:

> Will no one tell me what she sings?
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

—a passage that comes to mind when we read of MacDowell's recollection of 'once hearing in London a song sung in the streets at night' that meant far more to him than 'the glorious magnificence of tonal texture' of Strauss' *Thus Spake Zoroaster*. MacDowell wrote a fair quantity of poetry (not great poetry, but genuinely felt and neatly shaped), and it is full of the suggestion of the dim and impalpable—of 'far-off things' seen through the mist of ages and the haze of evening. Often he prefixed a specially written stanza to one of his compositions, crystallizing in a few lines the feeling of the music much in the way that Sir Walter Scott crystallized the thought of a chapter of a novel by a specially composed quotation from 'Old Ballad'. He also wrote the poems of many of his songs.

MacDowell's Nature inspiration is shown in the titles of innumerable short piano pieces. Take as examples the *Sea Pieces* (with 'To the Sea', 'From a Wandering Iceberg', 'Starlight', 'From the Depths', 'Nautilus', and 'In Mid-Ocean'), and the *New England Idylls* (with 'An Old Garden', 'Midsummer', 'Midwinter', 'In Deep Woods', 'To an Old White Pine', and 'The Joy of Autumn'). He used, in discussing his art, the term 'Suggestive Music' rather than 'Programme Music', and said that music was not meant to be 'an agent for expressing material things; nor to utter pretty sounds to amuse the ear; nor a sensuous excitant to fire the blood; nor a sedative to lull the senses'. Music, he added, is 'a language, but a language of the intangible, a kind of soul language. It appeals directly to the *Seelenzustände*[1] it springs from, for it is the natural expression of them, rather

[1] 'Soul-states.'

than, like words, a translation of them into set stereotyped symbols which may or may not be accepted for what they were intended to denote by the writer!'

MacDowell had a great gift of melody, of the kind that all can at once appreciate yet is not commonplace. In his rich and often emotionally moving harmony he was no great innovator; he introduced little or nothing new, but made an unconscious amalgam of what had attracted him in the harmony of others—particularly amongst the German Romantics. There is a certain nobility about much of his music, less deep than that of Elgar and more like that of some parts of Schumann's work.

There is some tendency to-day, perhaps, to underrate MacDowell. We need, however, more composers of his kind—that is, composers who, with all their literary and musical culture, yet retain the power of wide and immediate appeal. He was an able pianist, and his piano compositions are well written for the instrument; the smaller ones are a boon to the amateur.

Scriabin

From his earliest page to his latest, Scriabin is a Romantic. At first he is a follower of Chopin—the closest original follower Chopin has ever had, producing quiet music of rare, romantic beauty, comparable in every way to Chopin's own. Then he begins to imbibe and to re-express philosophical ideas. He is captured by Theosophy, and soon he has developed into a Romantic of the other type—one who, not content with the expression of Romantic beauty and the vaguer Romantic emotions, strives to express a definite 'programme' of romantic 'literary' ideas. He amplifies his manner of expression; he learns from Liszt and from Wagner (especially from *Tristan*), and soon the stream of Nocturnes, Impromptus, Studies, Mazurkas, and Preludes dwindles. To the end he composes Preludes, but they are Preludes of a much more

strongly personal kind, and represent a much more vivid kind of emotional expression, whilst with these slighter forms we now find mingled much bigger things (bigger in the sense not only of size but of emotional scope), such as a *Satanic Poem* (for Piano), a *Divine Poem* and a *Poem of Ecstasy* (for Orchestra), a great *Poem of Fire* ('Prometheus'—for Orchestra with Chorus), and *Towards the Flame* (for Piano).

All the time we find the technical resources expanding and the idiom changing. Look at a very early piece and a very late one and you may not see much resemblance of idiom, but go through the whole series, and you will see as logical a process of step-by-step development as any composer has ever shown.

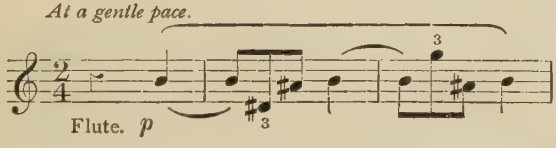
The classical form remains intact throughout. Of course, the Sonata Form he so often used differs greatly in detail from that which we find in a Haydn or even a Beethoven Sonata or Symphony, but all the formal principles of these are retained. In the matter of form, indeed, Scriabin, despite his preoccupation with a 'programme' of philosophic ideas, is almost a classic.

But the harmonies (and consequently the melodies) pass gradually right away from anything of the Classical or the earlier Romantic period. An idiom is being brought into existence that can express a much wider range of emotions, and express them more definitely, than had previously been possible. Had any composer ever expressed sarcasm in music before Scriabin—to take one small example that comes at once to mind?[1] Had the ecstasy of joy in all its wildest abandon been so powerfully expressed before? Had the definitely evil things of the dark places of the mind, the very diabolic itself, the spirit of the Black Mass, been so clearly hinted at before (for unlike Franck and Elgar, Scriabin *could* express evil)?

Gradually Scriabin has forged his own tools. He has a

[1] A younger Russian, Prokofief, has since done so.

chord of superposed fourths of his very own (e. g. C, F sharp, B flat, E, A, D) which has gradually built itself up in successive compositions, and at last stands complete and more and more dominates his scores—which have now ceased to bear key-signatures, since the music no longer keeps any key.[1] He develops a definite melodic idiom, a feature of which is large upward leaps with a good many leaps of the interval of a sixth.



He develops a great complexity of rhythm which becomes a notable factor in the expression of frenetic passion. He passes through a period when he says, 'The way to everybody else lies through Beethoven'; then he climbs to a point where he can say 'Of Beethoven I can listen only to the Fifth Symphony'; and at last, right up aloft, he has lost touch with all his earlier friends on earth and says that Beethoven is to him 'no longer music'. There is now a great loneliness. His music resembles no other man's. And so excited is he with his own thoughts that sometimes it seems as though his music is on fire.

There is in Scriabin no Russian folk influence and no influence of the Russian 'Five' (see Vol. II, p. 178), except perhaps in orchestration. But in his nervous excitability and his powerful gloom and love of debatable ideas he is Russian, as

[1] It has been said that the whole of *Prometheus* consists of the chord just mentioned. If this is true (and it is certainly true of the first few pages), it must be understood that Scriabin gains considerable variety by greatly varying the positions of the notes of the chord in relation to each other and by using the chord at varying pitches (e. g. the root note may be C on one beat, F sharp on the next), and also by using many *incidental* notes not belonging to the chord.

Tchaikovsky is Russian—with the national temperament expressing itself by means of a purely personal idiom.

As regards his ideas, Scriabin had a knack of picking up a book, grasping its main point and neglecting minor points, and then changing the main point unconsciously into something different, so that in the end the book had served as the merest starting point for a very personal train of thought. So it was with his Theosophy. He got hold of a few ideas—the intuitive or ecstatic manner of receiving doctrine, the idea of the brotherhood of humanity, the idea of the laws of nature and their relation to the psychological power of man, the idea of India as the repository of secret and sacred doctrine. All this order of thought appealed to him. He started writing music in which were expressed the emotions arising out of a scheme of thought like the following, which is the 'programme' he himself published for the orchestral *Divine Poem*:

> The 'Divine Poem' represents the evolution of the human spirit, which, torn from a past of creeds and mysteries (which it surmounts and subverts), arrives after traversing Pantheism at the rapturous and joyous affirmation of its liberty and its unity with the universe (the divine 'Ego').
>
> Struggle. This is the struggle between man, slave to a personal God, supreme master of the will, and man powerful and free—the man-god. The latter appears to triumph, but it is the intelligence alone which rises to the affirmation of the divine 'Ego', whilst the individual will, still too weak, is tempted to plunge into Pantheism.
>
> Voluptuous Pleasures. Man allows himself to be captivated by the delights of the sensual world. He is intoxicated or soothed by them; he immerses himself in them; his personality is annihilated in nature. Then it is that from the depths of his being arises the sentiment of the sublime, which aids him to vanquish the passive state of his human 'Ego'.
>
> The Divine Play. The spirit, freed at last from all the bonds which tied it to the past of submission to a superior force, the spirit, producing the universe by the sole power of its creative will, conscious of forming one with the

universe, surrenders itself to the sublime joy of free activity —the 'Divine Play'.[1]

Scriabin believed in a succession of World Messiahs, each ushering in a new dispensation, and thought himself to be in that succession. And gradually there grew up in him the idea of a great world 'Mystery', a solemn ritual that should be performed in a specially-built Temple in India by 3,000 performers, that is, by its whole congregation, a superb and moving liturgical composition expressing the most ideal feelings of humanity, in which should be combined music, colour, perfume, and so on. (If this was not a Romantic composer when was there one?) The performance of this *Mystery* was to be the final event in the life of the present race, who would then pass away and give way to another. Of his 'Mystery' all he wrote before an early death claimed him was the text (or part of it) for the initial ceremony. It is said that he had come to think that the composition and production of the 'Mystery' itself would fall to some later Messiah. (The text just mentioned is reported to be in the keeping of a Scriabin Society that was formed in Russia when he died, and possibly they cherish hopes of some day using it.)

The last completed orchestral work of Scriabin was his great *Prometheus* or *Poem of Fire*, for Orchestra and Piano, with Organ, Chorus, and (when available) Keyboard of Light. It has been many times performed without the last-named accessory, and once or twice with it (not successfully, but since his death the much improved apparatus of Mr. Thomas Wilfrid, an American inventor, has come into existence, and it would be interesting to see it applied).

In both Britain and America, Scriabin, after a brief period of much performance and much discussion, has fallen a good deal into neglect. It is the opinion of the present writer, to whom these excitable and exciting composers are not temperamentally congenial, that the stuff of Scriabin's work is such

[1] Translation by S. W. Pring.

that he must come again into the repertoire and then hold his own. But he will probably never be everyman's composer. Sir Henry Hadow has said, 'To some hearers his music is intensely distasteful. "This warm kind earth is all they know." To others, and they are an increasing number, he is as truly a prophet as William Blake.'

The words 'an increasing number' probably refer to a growing consideration for the piano works, which are masterly both as examples of vivid emotional expression and as examples of real (if sometimes very advanced) piano-writing technique. The comparison with Blake is thought-provoking. There is a good deal in Scriabin that could be considered the musical counterpart of Blake's visions of heaven and hell, poetical and pictorial.

Scriabin's influence is still strong in Russia, where a number of the younger composers have been affected by it. There, however, as elsewhere, he is both loved and hated.

Schönberg

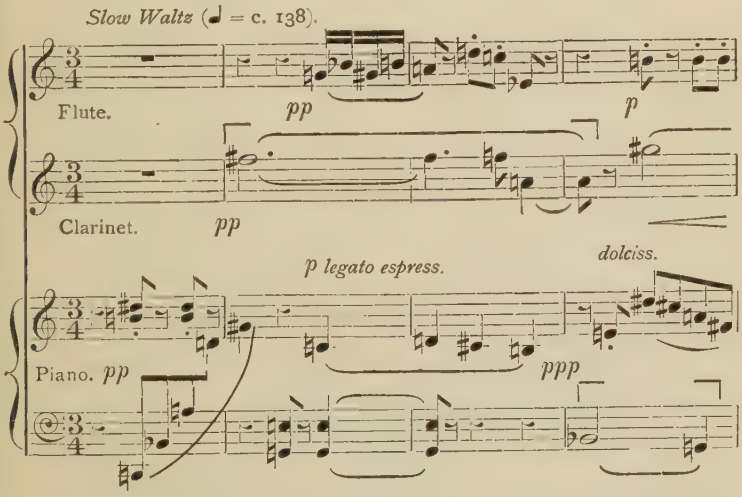
Schönberg also belongs to the Romantic succession. His earlier music was strongly influenced by Liszt, Wagner, and Strauss. His *Songs of Gurra*, a setting of a text by the Danish novelist J. P. Jacobsen, is through and through drenched in the heavy German Romantic feeling. It has, too, all the outward characteristics, e. g. the megalomania, its orchestra is huge, and the score, running sometimes to sixty staves on a page, demands fine eyesight on the part of its conductor. Six vocal soloists, three four-part male choirs, and one eight-part mixed choir are needed, and the orchestral instruments include 'some large iron chains'.

The later *Pierrot Lunaire* is a solo setting of twenty-one poems by Albert Giraud, some sentimental, some humorous, some grotesque, but all romantic. The vocal part is to be rendered in a half-song-half-speech voice, novel and curious,[1]

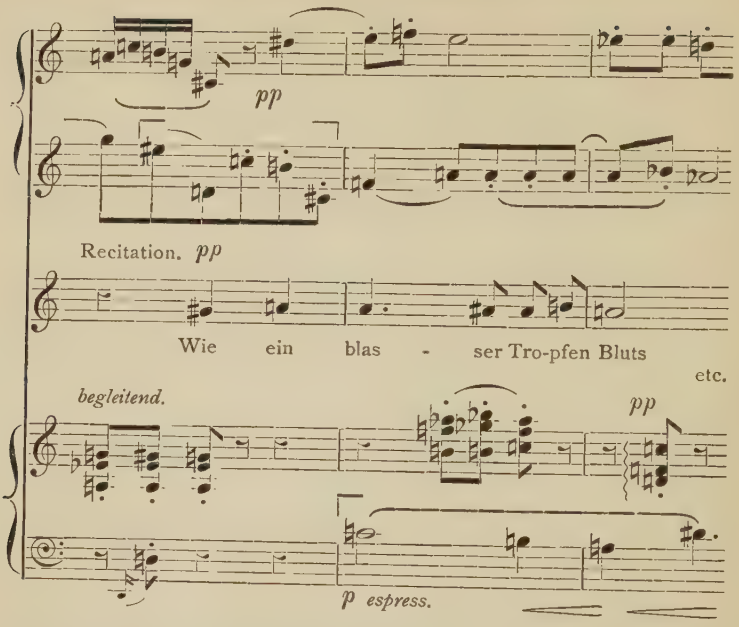
[1] This is something of a Schönberg speciality. It is indicated also in one number of the *Songs of Gurra*.

the instrumental parts being written for a Quintet of Piano, Flute (sometimes Piccolo), Clarinet (sometimes Bass Clarinet), Violin (sometimes Viola), and 'Cello. The music is so difficult that it is marvellous that it can ever reach performance, and sometimes so crabbed in its contrapuntal complexity that probably no human ear can properly take it in—but that does not nullify the evident romantic intention. Its harmonies are very different from those of the *Songs of Gurra*, Schönberg having by the time he wrote it developed a new idiom, completely 'atonal';[1] and it is terse where the earlier work is flamboyant. Its moods, often wonderfully achieved, are some of them those of the neurasthenic and the decadent.

An example from *Pierrot Lunaire* may be given. It shows the opening bars of what Schönberg calls 'Valse de Chopin'. It will be seen that it is not 'polytonal' (i. e. it is not a combination of melodies in different keys) but completely 'atonal' (i. e. none of its melodies themselves possess any key).



[1] Schönberg is the protagonist of a harmonic system based upon the absolutely equal treatment of all the twelve notes of the chromatic scale.



Schönberg is the master and leader of a fairly large group of younger men like-minded with him. Probably they are being misled by him in the direction of a new academicism. The following by Mr. Edwin Evans, a convinced modernist critic, is of interest, as both a confession and a defence. It comes from an account of the Festival of Contemporary Music at Frankfort in 1927.

Though some of the experimental or doctrinaire music has been exceedingly trying to the ear, it has nevertheless proved superior to most of the music that the ear found acceptable. That reads like a paradox. It is really nothing of the kind. Take an extreme case, that of Alban Berg's Chamber Concerto for piano, violin, and thirteen wind instruments. It is constructed on the twelve-note system of which Schönberg is the pioneer. Everything in it is the result of abstruse calculation. However fascinating its problems may be to the eye, there is no ear in the world

that could 'take them in' during performance. Hence this over-organized composition sounds just the opposite, an unorganized, arbitrary selection of sounds. Yet, having suffered, I still feel that here is something of greater value than was contained in various symphonic works performed which sounded rational and satisfying. After all, nothing is really wasted in Art. Even the puzzle-canons of the Flemish helped in their way the progress of music, and in these new methods of musical construction there is much of the puzzle-canon.

For further information about Schönberg see the brief biography of him following this chapter, and the explanation of 'Expressionism' in Chapter XXII.

LEADING NEO-ROMANTIC COMPOSERS

(Including brief accounts of some not noticed in the preceding chapters.)

1. GERMAN, AUSTRIAN AND HUNGARIAN

BRUCKNER

Bruckner, an Austrian, was born in 1824. His father was a village schoolmaster. At ten the boy was a village organist, then at thirteen he became a choir boy in a monastery church, and here he received a good musical training. Various organistships followed, including (at thirty-one) that of the Cathedral at Linz, and (at forty-three) that of the Royal Chapel at Vienna. As an organist Bruckner enjoyed international fame, performing in Paris, London (six recitals at the Albert Hall), and elsewhere. All this time he was studying hard, and was particularly influenced by Wagner's earlier works, at that time becoming known. He held a Lectureship at the University of Vienna and a Professorship at the Conservatoire. Vienna remained his place of residence to the end. He was somewhat involved in controversy, at second-hand, his followers opposing those of Brahms. Nikisch and Hermann Levi believed in him and conducted his

works, but the growth of public appreciation was rather slow. He wrote nine Symphonies of a classical-romantic cast, some of them requiring a very large Orchestra.

Bruckner died in Vienna in 1896, aged seventy-two.

STRAUSS

Richard Strauss is a Bavarian. He was born at Munich in 1864. His father was first Horn player in the Court Orchestra, and enjoyed fame for the beauty of his playing. His mother was daughter of a wealthy brewer, and home circumstances were comfortable. Perhaps the boy was a little spoilt.

Strauss.

At four Richard played the piano ; at six he had started composing. He went through the usual education in the city schools, but all the time worked at Piano, Violin, and Composition. At sixteen he was locally well known as a musician ; at seventeen a String Quartet and a Symphony were publicly performed. He studied for a year at the University, and then went to Berlin for a season, where he met von Bülow, who took to him and put the Serenade for Wind Instruments into his programme for a tour with the famous Meiningen Orchestra, of which he was then conductor. Next year (when he was twenty-one) he succeeded von Bülow in the conductorship of the Meiningen Orchestra, but he soon dropped this to go back to Munich as one of the junior conductors of the Court Orchestra there. Various other conductorships followed.

During the short stay at Meiningen Strauss became intimate with a remarkable man who had a great influence on him—Alexander Ritter, nephew by marriage of Wagner, a violinist in the orchestra, a composer of Symphonic Poems *à la* Liszt, and a devotee of 'The Music of the Future'. Now Strauss' father, fine musician though he was, was no Wagnerite, and no believer in 'Music of the Future', and Strauss had been brought up on the classics. Until he met Ritter he had hardly got so far as an understanding of Mendelssohn,

Schumann, or Chopin, but now he went rapidly ahead, began to appreciate Brahms and, at last, to see something in Liszt and Wagner. Henceforward he was himself to be counted amongst those composers whom the conservatives did not appreciate.

The story of Strauss' life after this is the story of many opera conductorships (Weimar, Berlin, Munich, Vienna) succeeding each other rapidly, of many conducting tours, in which his marked ability,[1] especially as an exponent of his own works, has won itself universal recognition, of much money earned, and much fame, and a long and ever-growing list of compositions. Some particulars of his Tone Poems and Music Dramas are given below.

TONE POEMS, ETC.

1886 (aged 22) *From Italy* ('Aus Italien'), 'Symphonic Fantasia'.
1886–7 (,, 22–3) *Macbeth.* After Shakespeare.
1888 (,, 24) *Don Juan.* After Lenau.
1889 (,, 25) *Death and Transfiguration* ('Tod und Verklärung'). A poem by Alexander Ritter is prefixed to the score, but this was written to Strauss' scheme and after the music.
1894 (,, 30) *Till Owlglass' Merry Tricks* ('Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche'), based on the medieval humorous legend.
1894–5 (,, 30–1) *Thus Spake Zoroaster* ('Also sprach Zarathustra'), based on Nietzsche.
1897 (,, 33) *Don Quixote.* 'Fantastic Variations on a Chevaleresque Theme.' Based on Cervantes.
1898 (,, 34) *A Hero's Life* ('Ein Heldenleben').
1903 (,, 39) *Domestic Symphony.*
1915 (,, 51) *Alpine Symphony.*

OPERAS, MUSIC DRAMAS, ETC.

1894 (aged 30) *Guntram.* Libretto by the Composer.
1901 (,, 37) *The Fire Famine* ('Feuersnot'). Libretto by Ernst von Wolzogen, on a Netherlands legend. 'Perhaps the story does not commend itself to all tastes, and it must be confessed that once or twice . . . the language is of a freedom that has no parallel in opera libretti' (Ernest Newman—but he wrote this in 1907).

[1] Judging from recent appearances in London he has somewhat 'gone off' in this.

1909 (aged 45) *Salome*. Based on Oscar Wilde (German text by Hedwig Lachmann).

1909 (,, ,,) *Electra*. Libretto by Hofmannsthal, based on Sophocles.

1911 (,, 47) *The Knight of the Rose* ('Rosenkavalier'). Libretto by Hofmannsthal.

1912, rewritten in 1917 (aged 48 and 53) *Ariadne in Naxos* (originally written as an interlude to Molière's play, *The Bourgeois Nobleman*). Libretto by Hofmannsthal.

1914 (aged 50) *The Legend of Joseph*. A 'Pantomime'.

1919 (,, 55) *The Woman without a Shadow* ('Die Frau ohne Schatten'). Libretto by Hofmannsthal.

1924 (,, 60) *Intermezzo*. Libretto by himself.

Whipped Cream ('Schlagobers'). A 'Ballet Pantomime'.

1926 (,, 62) *The Egyptian Helen* ('Die egyptische Helena').

REGER

Reger was a Bavarian: he was born in 1873. After early local lessons he studied under Riemann, at Sondershausen and Wiesbaden. This was the celebrated Hugo Riemann, the author of more books on musical theory and history than any other three men have ever written—the sort of German scholar who, filled to the brim with both valuable and valueless fact, can pour it out like a widow's cruse. It is not certain that such men make the best teachers: they are too apt to neglect unconscious processes and to make composition a matter of rule and precedent.

At Wiesbaden Reger himself became a teacher in the Conservatoire, but soon he settled in Munich, and then, as University Professor, &c., in Leipzig. Other similar academic positions followed. He was now as prolific in composition as his old master in theory, and, dying at forty-three (1916), he left a list of compositions that ran up to Opus 147 (most of them being multiple works—books of 'Five Humoreskes', 'Fifteen Songs', 'Four Sonatas', 'Three String Quartets', 'Six Intermezzi', and the like). Most of them are decidedly romantic (or 'classical-romantic') in feeling.

In Britain and America Reger has held a certain position of respect amongst organists, but is otherwise comparatively little known. There is a widespread feeling that he is not much more than a

Brahms-Wagner amalgam, with an added contrapuntal complexity and a tendency to restless modulation.[1]

MAHLER

Gustav Mahler, a Bohemian, was born in 1860. He was educated at Prague and at Vienna. At the latter place he studied both at the Conservatoire and at the University. From his twentieth year he held, in turn, many conductorships of orchestras and opera houses in Central and Northern Europe, succeeding Seidl at Prague when he was twenty-five and serving as colleague to Nikisch at Leipzig at twenty-six. In 1892 he conducted a London German Opera Season at Drury Lane; in 1897, aged thirty-seven, he began a ten years period, of great importance, as conductor and reformer of the Vienna Opera. From 1908 he was much in America. In 1911 he returned from that country to Vienna, very ill, and shortly after died—only fifty-one years of age. He left ten symphonies. Like Bruckner, he may be called a 'classical-romantic'.

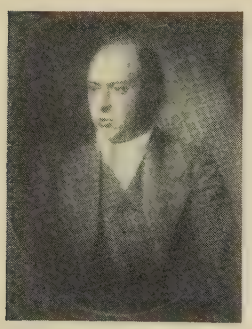
At the date of writing Mahler is still almost unknown to British concert audiences, the Mahler cult of Germany and Austria having exercised little influence.

SCHÖNBERG

Arnold Schönberg's father was a (Jewish) Vienna merchant, who died when the boy (born 1874) was eight years old, and left the family in needy circumstances. At about twelve Arnold began to learn the Violin, and his first compositions were little duets for use at his lessons. He soon began to take part in Chamber Music performances with his schoolfellows, and for them he wrote Trios and Quartets. He then taught himself to play the 'Cello, and wrote his own Sonatas for that instrument. His pupil and biographer, Egon Wellesz, points out that his early absorption in Chamber Music has influenced the whole of his later musical thought, leading him to consider music very consistently from a contrapuntal standpoint.

[1] E. W. says, 'Rather hard on Reger. In spite of everything he can (to me), at his best, give an impression of intellectual nobility, which I find very rare'.

Soon the youth decided to make music his life work and, leaving school, studied for some years without help from any teacher. At length a friend persuaded him to ask Zemlinsky to look at his work. This musician was only two years Schönberg's senior, but he held a position of great respect amongst the musical young bloods of Vienna. His compositions are strongly tinged with a Wagnerian-Brahmsian compound. Zemlinsky greatly influenced Schönberg; he dragged him out of his solitude, introducing him to other musicians, got him to make a piano arrangement of his (Zemlinsky's) opera *Sarema*, let him play the 'Cello in his orchestra, and gave him instruction in Counterpoint. Some years later Schönberg married Zemlinsky's sister.



Schönberg.

Tristan was at the early Zemlinsky period the object of Schönberg's closest study.

The first public performance of any work of Schönberg took place in Vienna, when he was about twenty-three; the piece was a String Quartet.[1] The work was appreciated, and gave Schönberg his first local footing as a recognized composer.

Other works followed; some Songs performed at a vocal recital in Vienna in 1898, when the composer was twenty-four, shocked a good many of the audience: 'And since that day', says Schönberg, 'people have never ceased to be shocked at me.'

The next year Schönberg composed a work still often heard, the String Sextet, called *Resplendent Night* ('Verklärte Nacht'), a work which represents in tone the emotions of a very sombre, even morbid poem of Richard Dehmel (a man and woman walking together, the woman admitting she has sinned and the man forgiving her because the moonlight is so beautiful—that is what it amounts to in plain English, which blunt language does not, perhaps, treat German

[1] In D major (see Egon Wellesz' book on Schönberg) or D minor (see Egon Wellesz' article on Schönberg in the *Dictionary of Modern Music*); as the work is now lost the biographer's wavering may be excused.

romantic thought with all the respect to be desired). Wellesz looks upon this work as the first piece of genuine programme music ever written in Chamber Music form—setting on one side Smetana's *From my Life*, which, whatever its content, is of strictly classical structure.

At twenty-six Schönberg began the composition of his *Songs of Gurra*. He was always a quick worker; the Sextet had been composed in three weeks, and a great part of this new enormous score was completed in a month or two; then came an interruption due to the necessity of pot-boiling work—the scoring of other people's operettas, of which, at this period of his life, Schönberg relates, he accomplished no less than six thousand pages. In little more than a year, however, the great work was (except for part of its orchestration) completed. So big are the forces employed that Schönberg had to get Breitkopf and Härtel to print him a special music paper.

At this time of poverty and struggle Schönberg moved to Berlin, hoping to find some means of living a more successful life. For a time he conducted a theatre orchestra. Still he devoted to pot-boiling orchestration time that he would have liked to give to his own composition. The orchestration of his own *Songs of Gurra* remained unfinished.[1] He showed the thing to Strauss, who awarded him the Liszt-Stipend, and gave him a place on the staff of the Stern Conservatoire in Berlin.

In 1903, approaching thirty, Schönberg had returned to Vienna, and taken up residence in the same house as Zemlinsky and engaged in teaching and composition. Various works were performed, and the Rosé Quartet became practical supporters of his. (Mahler had previously lent his approval and help.) The Six Songs with Orchestra

[1] Only in 1911, twelve years after the beginning of the work, was the last note of the orchestration in its place. Consequently, as the composer admits, the orchestration of the last pages of the work differs considerably from that of the first pages: one grows somewhat between one's twenty-sixth and thirty-seventh years! It was two years more before the work enjoyed its first performance, Schreker conducting. It brought Schönberg his first great success in life—but came too late, as he had now to some extent outgrown the style exhibited. Another comparatively early work was performed soon afterwards—the Symphonic Poem upon Maeterlinck's *Pelléas and Mélisande*, already eleven years old.

and the String Quartet in D minor composed at the time show a change of style. Up to this time the Wagner influence had been strong; now it weakened, and what his biographer calls a 'new classical' style gradually took its place, a style of greater reserve and concision.

A third period began about 1907, or a little later. Schönberg began to paint, jumping right into the most advanced 'movement' of the day with a growing collection of 'Portraits and Visions' which, from one or two specimens seen, appear to the present writer to exhibit an extreme morbidity and love of real ugliness; they appear to have little similarity to those of Schönberg's friend, the founder of Expressionistic painting, Kandinsky, which, however incomprehensible, are always beautiful and never morbid.[1] In music the Three Piano Pieces (Op. 11) and the famous Five Orchestral Pieces, which have brought tears to the eyes of sensitive members of audiences all over the world, represent the period. Amongst other works of the period are the drama with music, *The Happy Hand* ('Die glückliche Hand').

Pierrot Lunaire (Op. 21), a cycle of twenty-one poems to be recited to music, came in 1912, when the composer was thirty-eight. He made a tour with a party of performers, and conducted it and others of his works in Holland, Russia, and elsewhere.

Further composition (not profuse), much teaching and organization of concert performances of modern works, and the writing of a book on Harmony have followed. The last-named was issued in 1911, and re-written and re-issued in 1922. Its teaching is less advanced than its author's own music.

SCHREKER

Franz Schreker, the son of Austrian parents, was born in 1878 at Monaco, where his father was a photographer. The father died when the boy was nine years old, and the mother, with four children and little money, settled at Döbling, near Vienna, and opened a small shop.

Franz had to go to work at fourteen, but managed to secure some slight musical education. At fifteen he held a position as organist.

[1] For reproductions of one of Kandinsky's paintings and two of Schönberg's see Chapter XXII of the present volume.

A wealthy lady then paid his fees at the Vienna Conservatoire. He studied the Violin as his chief subject, but made great progress in composition, and began to hear his works performed and even see some of these published.

There followed a normal development of local fame, gradually widening into something more than local. Before he was twenty an orchestral piece of his had been heard in London. At twenty-nine he was Conductor of the Popular Opera in Vienna. His first opera was performed at Frankfort when he was thirty-four, and most of his operas since then have been there performed for the first time.

In 1908, when he was thirty, Schreker had founded the Vienna Philharmonic Choir, and at its concerts he gave first performances of many contemporary works (for Schreker's help of Schönberg see page 63). About the same time Schreker became Professor of Composition at his old school, and this position he retained until, in 1920, he was called to Berlin as Director of the State High School of Music.

Schreker's ambitions are of the romantic cast, with some leaning towards what in Schönberg we call 'Expressionism'. He writes his own Opera libretti, and they are often of an erotic tinge.

WOLF

Hugo Wolf was born in 1860 at Windischgraz, in Southern Styria (then in Austria, now in Jugo-Slavia). His life was throughout tragic.

He was intended for the family leather business, but insisted on studying music, and was allowed to enter the Vienna Conservatoire. After two years he was dismissed, it is said unjustly (the allegation is that some other student wrote, in his name, a threatening letter to the director). He then for a time earned a bare living by giving lessons.

At twenty-two, the post of second conductor in the Salzburg Opera being offered him, he accepted it, but held it for only two months, his heart not being in the routine work demanded.

On returning to Vienna he resumed his life of misery—all the time

studying, hearing the works of the German and French romantic composers and the German romantic poets, and composing musical settings of the works of the latter. At twenty-six he became music critic of a fashionable paper, the Vienna *Salonblatt.* His writing in its pages was very pungent—especially when, as a strong Wagnerian, he discussed the works of Brahms. His critical writings have been collected and published (in German only) and are worth reading, whatever one may think of his violence.

Wolf.

This journalistic post he retained for four years. Then he threw it up, and went to live in a village near Vienna, where he poured out songs in passing spates. In his twenty-eighth year he wrote, between February and May, forty-three settings of poems by the Swabian pastor-poet, Mörike; between the following October and February he wrote fifty settings of Goethe—and so on. His life became a series of alternations of feverish activity and despondent lethargy.

Gradually the songs were sung and became known.

Then, at thirty-seven, his brain failed, and in 1903, as his forty-fourth year approached, he died in a lunatic asylum in Vienna.

The output of Wolf's twenty years of composing life includes 250 Songs, an Opera, a String Quartet, and two or three Orchestral Pieces.

In the Songs the piano part is very independent, yet voice and accompaniment merge in the effect. Each song has its individuality. The present writer alleges a want of definite musical value in very many of the songs, but those who sing them and many who hear them refuse to agree with him, often describing Wolf as the greatest song-writer who ever lived. Mr. Ernest Newman, in his book *Hugo Wolf*, gives a list of the finest songs of Schubert, composed over a period of fourteen years, and then adds—

> The sober judgement of history must surely be that the work of all this long period can barely compare with the Mörike volume of Wolf—composed in little more than four months in one year—

for scope of matter, and certainly cannot compare with it for variety of manner.[1]

DOHNÁNYI

Dohnányi was born in 1877 at Pressburg in Hungary (in the Magyar language, Pozsony; now in Czechoslovakia, and called Bratislava). He early showed talent as a pianist and as a composer. He studied at the Conservatoire of Budapest, and then for some years toured the world with great success as a virtuoso pianist. He first appeared in England at twenty-one and in the United States of America at twenty-two. At thirty-one he became a professor of the pianoforte at the Berlin Royal High School for Music, and at forty-two director of the Budapest Conservatoire and conductor of the orchestra of the same city, with which he has toured, visiting London in 1928.

The Pianoforte music and Chamber music of Dohnányi is the best known, but his orchestral music is also fairly often heard, and there is a little dramatic music.

Dohnányi may be classed as a younger classical-romantic somewhat of the order of Brahms. He writes effectively and in an individual way, but does not to any extent break virgin soil.

2. FRENCH AND BELGIAN

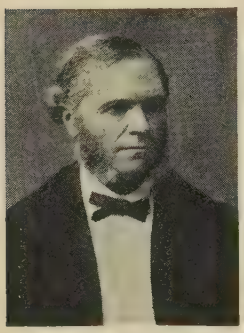
FRANCK

'On December 10th, 1822, the very day upon which the giant of symphony, Ludwig van Beethoven, put the finishing touches to the manuscript of a work which he justly regarded as his most perfect masterpiece—the sublime Mass in D major—a child was born into the world destined to become the true successor of the Master of Bonn, both in the sphere of sacred music and in that of symphony.' That is how César Franck's most devoted disciple, Vincent d'Indy, opens his classic book upon the master. As the opening of a

[1] E. W. says, 'Without going so far as Newman I feel that (having been asked my opinion) I must add my aid towards the upholding of the very splendid Wolfian banner against its enemies'.

biography of him, large or small, it cannot be improved upon, and so I borrow it.

By birth Franck was a Belgian (as by descent, on one side, was Beethoven also). He was born at Liége in 1822. His father was engaged in banking, but had a love of music and a strong desire that his two sons, Joseph and César, should be musicians. Their early training was received at the local Conservatoire, but when Joseph was sixteen and César fourteen, their father, wishing to give them a larger opportunity, settled in Paris. There César was admitted to the Conservatoire, where he soon established a good reputation, but occasionally irritated the Director, Cherubini (then an old man—approaching eighty) by strange pranks. For instance, competing for the pianoforte prize, and on the point of winning it, he spoilt his chance by a work of supererogation, playing off the sight-reading test with the greatest fluency and accuracy but—transposed a third lower. This was against all law, and yet to refuse the prize to so gifted a performer would be against all justice. How were law and justice to be reconciled? For perhaps the only occasion in its history the Paris Conservatoire awarded an extra prize, called a 'Grand Prix d'Honneur'. Despite the amusing Berlioz-Cherubini recriminations recorded by Berlioz in his autobiographical writings (Berlioz was at the Conservatoire only about seven years before Franck entered it), it is clear that Cherubini was no fool.



Franck.

Other prizes followed in succeeding years (twice for fugue), and in 1841, when Franck was nineteen, he competed for the Organ prize. Amongst the tests for this were the extemporization of a Fugue and of a movement in Sonata form, both, naturally, on given subjects. Franck noticed that the two subjects could be effectively treated in combination, and so, by another work of supererogation, lost the first prize. (Cherubini was absent, so there was no one to propose a special award, and only a second prize was given to the wayward genius.)

Next year, just when he was beginning to prepare for competition for the Prix de Rome, his father removed him from the Conservatoire. Why? Possibly because parental ambitions had always been focussed on the rewards of the career of a piano virtuoso. (One is not a banker for nothing!)

Now began a life of patient toil that lasted until death. Joseph and César soon had to take upon them the task of supporting the family. They came before the world, after all, as no virtuosos, but as humdrum music teachers. We will dispose once for all of Joseph. His career was that of an organist and teacher, a minor composer (chiefly of church music), and author (textbooks of harmony and plain-song, and a 'New Pianoforte Method'). César's career, looked at as a business affair, was much the same. Probably to very many of their contemporaries the two brothers were throughout their lives looked upon as mere general practitioners of music of equal professional standing.

At twenty-six, César married—an actress, and the family did not like that. He was then organist of the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, occupying his spare time (that is, a part of his nights) in composition. He wrote an opera called *The Farmer's Man*, and failed to secure an opportunity to let the public hear it. At last he was appointed to the newly rebuilt and magnificent church of St. Clothilde, which had a fine new organ by the organ-builder-genius, Cavaillé-Col, and there for nearly forty years (until his death) he remained. His pupil, d'Indy, has given a remarkable account of his organ playing, and particularly of his improvisations (I quote Mrs. Newmarch's translation):

> Here, in the dusk of this organ-loft, of which I can never think without emotion, he spent the best part of his life. Here he came every Sunday and feast-day—and towards the end of his life every Friday morning too—fanning the fire of his genius by pouring out his spirit in wonderful improvisations which were often far more lofty in thought than many skilfully elaborated compositions; and here, too, he assuredly foresaw and conceived the sublime melodies which afterwards formed the groundwork of *The Beatitudes*.
>
> Ah! we know it well, we who were his pupils, the way up to that thrice-blessed organ-loft—a way as steep and difficult as that which the Gospel tells us leads to Paradise. First, having climbed the dark, spiral staircase, lit by an occasional loophole, we came

suddenly face to face with a kind of antediluvian monster, a complicated bony structure, breathing heavily and irregularly, which on closer examination proved to be the vital portion of the organ, worked by a vigorous pair of bellows. Next, we had to descend a few narrow steps in pitch-darkness, a fatal ordeal to high hats, and the cause of many a slip to the uninitiated. Opening the narrow *janua cæli*, we found ourselves suspended as it were midway between the pavement and the vaulted roof of the church, and the next moment all was forgotten in the contemplation of that rapt profile, and the intellectual brow, from which seemed to flow without any effort a stream of inspired melody and subtle, exquisite harmonies, which lingered a moment among the pillars of the nave before they ascended and died away in the vaulted heights of the roof.

For César Franck had, or rather *was*, the genius of improvisation, and no other modern organist, not even the most renowned executants, would bear the most distant comparison with him in this respect. When, on very rare occasions, one of us was called upon to take the master's place, it was with a kind of superstitious terror that we ventured to let our profane fingers caress this supernatural thing, which was accustomed to vibrate, to sing, and to lament at the will of the superior genius of whom it had become almost an integral part.

Sometimes the master would invite other people, friends, amateurs, or foreign musicians, to visit him in the organ-loft. Thus it happened that on April 3rd, 1866, Franz Liszt, who had been his sole listener, left the church of Sainte-Clothilde lost in amazement, and evoking the name of J. S. Bach in an inevitable comparison.

But whether he played for some chosen guest, for his pupils, or for the devout worshippers during service, Franck's improvisations were equally thoughtful and careful, for he did not play in order to be heard, but to do his best for God and his conscience' sake. And *his best* was a sane, noble, and sublime art.

To describe these improvisations, the true value of which we only realized when there was no chance of hearing them again, would be an impossible task; I must leave to those who, like myself, were habitual guests at these musical feasts the delight of a memory which will vanish all too soon, even as these inspired and ephemeral creations have already passed away.

No composer has been more fortunate than Franck in the possession of an able, understanding, and sympathetic biographer, and the one or two quotations given in this brief sketch express succinctly the very spirit of Franck.

Official appointments brought him little comfort. At fifty he was appointed Organ Professor at the Conservatoire, but his colleagues did not appreciate him. Occasionally he would arrange (or friends and pupils would arrange for him) private, semi-public, or public performances of his works, but his official superior and colleagues rarely attended them. The honours of Officer of the Academy and, at last, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour came to him, but they came late and then came to him not as composer but as 'Professor of Organ'. His life was not one of public applause but of quiet artistic toil, religious devotion, and comradeship with the band of sincere young spirits who collected around him as pupils. In his sixty-ninth year he was filled with pride for what he felt to be his first success. At a concert of the National Society for Music his String Quartet was heard and there broke out (at last !) a tumult of applause.

The next month, on his way to give a lesson, he was struck by the pole of an omnibus, and six months later he died.

It may be of interest to British readers to know that Franck was frequently in London. He used to come in summer to visit Belgian relatives of his mother, at Streatham Hill. There was no music going on at such a season, but he fraternized with some of the musicians, the Irishman, G. A. Osborne, the friend of Chopin and Berlioz, and a prominent London piano teacher ; Brinley Richards, the Welsh pianist and composer (who wanted to secure Franck as an adjudicator for the Eisteddfod) ; the Rev. Scotson Clark, the head of the London Organ School (the staff of which he tried to persuade Franck to join) ; Meyer Lütz, conductor of the Gaiety Theatre and choirmaster of the Roman Catholic Church of St. George, Southwark (where Franck would take his place on occasion) ; and Edward Silas, friend of Berlioz, and organist of the Roman Catholic Church of Kingston-on-Thames. Franck used to go to hear the music at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, but his favourite haunt was the Temple Church, where the famous Dr. Hopkins was the organist, and where Franck enjoyed the anthems of Goss and Wesley, and also the Anglican chants nowadays so much despised by superior musicians. He also attended the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden (where Arditi was the conductor and J. T. Carrodus the leader). Sometimes he would hear (and admire)

Santley in a Carl Rosa Opera performance, or even attend at the Crystal Palace Theatre to enjoy *The Bohemian Girl* or *Maritana*, or (better, surely) the large hall of the Crystal Palace to enjoy the Handel Festival under Costa, which he said was the greatest choral treat of his life. Once he tried to get an opportunity to inspect Queen Victoria's Handel MSS. at Buckingham Palace, but the permit came too late.

These notes come from an article in *The Choir* by Mr. Andrew de Ternant, who had the facts from the composer himself. There is, at first sight, piquancy in the idea of the composer of *The Beatitudes*, the great Symphony, the String Quartet, and the Violin and Piano Sonata, consorting with composers of those then famous pieces, *La Pluie de Perles* (Osborne's piano best seller), *God Bless the Prince of Wales* (Brinley Richards's masterpiece), and the *Marche aux Flambeaux* (Scotson Clark's widely favoured organ piece). As a matter of generally forgotten fact, Franck composed a fair amount of music on only a little higher level than these pieces, and in the *Marche aux Flambeaux* he actually had a hand, for it was composed in Paris for a birthday celebration of the Prince Imperial, and Franck helped to copy the band parts, which had to be made in a hurry.

It is pleasant to Londoners to think of César Franck lunching on Sunday with Hopkins at 'The Cock', off Fleet Street, or once a week with Scotson Clark at the 'Café Royal' in Regent Street.

Franck was a saint, but he was a cheerful saint, and it may be well to quote Mr. de Ternant's recollections of his temperament, as revealed in country walks and fireside chats :

> 'My personal experience of him was that he was always crackling with wit and repartee. He was a philosopher in every sense of the term. There was a fine animal spirit about him.'

The Chief Works of Franck

1871	(aged 49), with new edition three years later.	*Redemption.* Symphonic Poem for Soprano, Chorus, and Orchestra.
?1876	(,, 54)	*The Eolides.* Symphonic Poem based on Leconte de Lisle.
1879	(,, 57)	*The Beatitudes.* Solo, eight-part Chorus, and Orchestra.
		Piano Quintet.

1882 (aged 60) *The Accursed Hunter* (*Le Chasseur Maudit*). Tone Poem based on Bürger.
1883 (,, 61) *The Djinns.* Tone Poem for Piano and Orchestra based on Hugo. (Like Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, not a concerto, but a piece in which a solo instrument prominently participates.)
1884 (,, 62) Prelude, Choral, and Fugue for Piano.
1885 (,, 63) Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra.
1886 (,, 64) Sonata for Violin and Piano.
1886–7 (,, 64–5) Prelude, Aria, and Finale for Piano.
Symphony.
1889 (,, 67) String Quartet.
1890 (,, 68) Three Chorals for Organ.

Note that the works by which Franck is remembered only began to make their appearance about his fiftieth year. Indeed up to that time, though he wrote, he published very little.

D'INDY

Vincent d'Indy was born in Paris in 1851. He is thus twenty-nine years the junior of Franck, and he was, from the time of his younger manhood to Franck's death, very closely associated with him as pupil, friend, and helper. He is also, as we have already seen, Franck's biographer.

Vincent d'Indy.

A formative influence in d'Indy's life was his attendance in 1876 at the first performance of *The Ring* at Bayreuth. He returned an ardent Wagnerian, and became the right-hand man of the great conductor Lamoureux in his laborious twelve months' preparation for the first Paris performance of *Lohengrin.* Lamoureux was a conductor after d'Indy's own heart; he performed certain Handel and Bach works then little known in Paris, introduced some of Brahms' works, took the leadership of the Wagnerian movement in France, and in 1887 gave the *Lohengrin* performance just alluded to.[1] He

[1] Thus *Lohengrin* had taken just forty years to reach Paris. To reach London it took only twenty-eight. But we are not proud!

also helped the younger French composers, including d'Indy himself, by performing their works.

D'Indy's own social-musical activities have been not unlike those of Lamoureux. He has given first performances in Paris (or revivals after long neglect) of works of Monteverde, Bach, Rameau, and others of the older composers, and has given many younger compatriots their chance. It is worth remembering that, whilst we class d'Indy as a Franckist, and hence look upon him as in the opposite camp to Debussy, he was one of those who defended *Pelléas and Mélisande* at a time when it was laughed at by many. Again, conducting once at Rome, he included in his programme Debussy's *Clouds* and *Fêtes*; at the close the audience shouted and whistled, whereupon d'Indy took up the baton again and repeated both pieces —with the result that they (or he for his boldness?) now won applause.

With the famous choral conductor, Bordes, and the equally famous organist, Guilmant, d'Indy founded in Paris the Schola Cantorum, a small school of music of definitely religious aim and the highest artistic effort, which bases its teaching upon a close study of plainsong and the classics. Its ideals are, we may say, those of Franck (it was founded six years after his death). D'Indy acts as Principal of this Institution and also as its chief teacher of composition. He has written an important two-volume *Treatise of Composition*, based upon his lessons there.

Amongst d'Indy's works are Operas, Symphonies, Tone Poems, Chamber Music, &c. Everything he writes is of serious intention and most conscientious workmanship. Opinion as to the value of his music varies, but this much may be said—it is, from the constructive ability displayed, almost always genuinely interesting to the thoughtful musician, and most of us will have to hear more of it before we can arrive at a considered judgement.

D'Indy is a great nature-lover, and many of his works (*Summer Day in the Mountains*, &c.) testify to this.

FAURÉ

Gabriel Fauré was born at Pamiers, Ariège, in 1845, and died in 1924. For a long period in the later part of his life he was looked up to with veneration by almost the whole body of his juniors amongst French composers, very many of whom were his pupils.

For thirty years Fauré held a series of positions connected with Church Music, culminating with the organistship of the Madeleine at the age of fifty-one. At the time that he took up his work at that church he also became a professor of composition at the Paris Conservatoire. From the age of sixty to that of seventy-five he was Director of this Institution.

Fauré's compositions are very numerous. His Songs are important, and so is his Chamber Music. His style is a logical and balanced one; his music flows easily, yet he attains 'finish'. These are usually considered to be 'classical' qualities, and so in themselves they are, but the general bent of Fauré's mind is romantic.

SAINT-SAËNS

Saint-Saëns, of a Normandy family of some importance, was born in Paris in 1835. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire and privately under Gounod. His first successes were as organist. For about twenty years he was organist of the Madeleine. He had composed a symphony at sixteen, and from that age until his death at eighty-seven (in 1922) he never ceased composition, in which he had the greatest facility. He was also a considerable author, and delighted in polemic, defending the Romantics, Liszt, Berlioz, and Wagner, and later attacking Wagner on the ground of his Teutonizing influence on French music, and also demolishing 'modernistic' young compatriots. Yet he himself had been in some sort a pioneer, for

Saint-Saëns.

his *Omphale's Spinning Wheel* (1871) was the first Symphonic Poem ever written by a French composer.

He was one of the early members of the National Musical Society, and he was also a great protagonist of the earlier French composers, and especially Rameau. His was a curious temperament, versatility, cosmopolitanism, and narrowness being blended in an unusual way. His reminiscences, as published in several books, are human and entertaining. At Dieppe there is a Saint-Saëns Museum, in which are preserved relics contributed largely by himself—his aunt's pincushion and his first copybook (or that kind of thing).

Saint-Saëns was a fine pianist. The bigger world knows him chiefly by his four Symphonic Poems, the one already mentioned, *Phaeton*, *The Youth of Hercules*, and *Danse Macabre*, and by one or two of his Piano Concertos and his very successful Opera, *Samson and Delilah*.

DUPARC

Henri Fouques Duparc was born in Paris in 1848. He was a very favourite pupil of Franck, and, like d'Indy and some other French composers of the period, he was a good deal influenced by visits to Bayreuth in its early days. He was one of the Founders of the National Musical Society. Whilst he was still in his thirties his health broke down and composition ceased. His Songs, especially, few in number as they are, have made a name for him.[1]

MAGNARD

Albéric Magnard was born in Paris in 1865, and killed during the very early days of the Great War.

His father was Editor of *Le Figaro*. The son was educated partly at Ramsgate, England. At the Paris Conservatoire he studied composition with Dubois and Massenet. He left these teachers, and went to d'Indy, to whom he felt he owed whatever he was afterwards able to do. Roughly speaking, the ideals of Magnard are those

[1] 'The best four or five of Duparc's songs are surely tremendously fine stuff.' E. W.

of his teacher, d'Indy—in other words, he derives largely from Franck.

In 1892 the Brussels Opera House gave his *Yolande*. Gradually his work began to attract moderate attention, but it has never become popular, and perhaps never will.

The manner of Magnard's death was perverse, yet noble. When the War broke out, Magnard, who was wealthy, living on his estate twenty-five miles from Paris a life of devotion to art, literature, and nature, tried to enlist, but was refused. He sent his wife and other women-folk away, and with his step-son remained, swearing, if attacked, to offer resistance to the last. His house was surrounded, his step-son captured, and he fired upon. He returned the fire, killing one German and wounding another. He himself was then shot (or shot himself—accounts vary), and the most valuable contents of his house were carried off, after which the house was set on fire. (It may be recalled that the Germans put the mayor of Senlis to death as a reprisal for resistance offered by the civilian population, and afterwards burnt the town.)

Magnard's lifelong friend was Ropartz, who ever did his best to win recognition for his music. Magnard was still developing when the end came, and had that end been deferred for some years he might have won through to a style of equal dignity and perfection, yet somewhat less severe. But he was already approaching fifty.

ROPARTZ

Guy Ropartz, born 1864, in Brittany, was a fellow pupil of Magnard at the Paris Conservatoire, and when Magnard left to study with d'Indy, Ropartz left to study with Franck. At thirty he became Director of the Conservatoire of Nancy, and when Alsace became French again, he was appointed to a similar position at Strasbourg. He has done much conducting, and, as mentioned above, has made great efforts to secure recognition for his friend Magnard. In his composition he makes much use of the tunes of his native Brittany.

CHAUSSON

Ernest Chausson was born in Paris in 1855, and died in 1899. He qualified in law, and took to music late in life. He studied at the Conservatoire under Massenet, but then, like Ropartz, transferred himself to the teaching of Franck. He was for a time Secretary of the National Musical Society and, in this capacity and privately, did a great deal for the assistance of contemporary French composers.

Like Magnard, Chausson was a wealthy man, and a great lover of all the arts. He was killed by a bicycle accident on his own estate.

Chausson's music shows the influence of his master, Franck, and also that of Wagner, and perhaps sometimes that of Brahms.

LEKEU

Lekeu was a Belgian. He was born in 1870. He came under the influence of Franck, and became first his pupil, and then (on Franck's death) d'Indy's. His Sonata for Piano and Violin, dedicated to and played by Ysaÿe, is the work of his best known to many people. Unfortunately he died young of typhoid—the day after his twenty-fourth birthday. In all probability the world lost in him a very great composer.

DUKAS

Dukas was born in Paris in 1865. Like practically every French composer mentioned in this volume, he studied at the Paris Conservatoire. The work of Lalo had some influence on him, as on others of his age. His vivid descriptive Symphonic Scherzo, *The Prentice Sorcerer*, is known everywhere, but his Opera, *Ariadne and Bluebeard*, is considered his *chef d'œuvre*. He was a great friend and adviser of Albeniz, and thus the modern Spanish School owes something to him. He is also a conscientious editor of the works of Scarlatti and Rameau, and has written a good deal of musical criticism.

3. RUSSIAN

SCRIABIN

Scriabin was born in Moscow in 1871. His father was a lawyer; his mother had been one of the best piano pupils of the Petrograd Conservatoire. The mother died when her child was only about a year old, and the father then entered the diplomatic service and went to Turkey. The boy was brought up by his grandmother, and was considerably coddled and spoilt, which possibly influenced his whole life.

Scriabin.

At a very early age Scriabin showed a great musical gift. From six onwards he could play a composition of fair length after one hearing.

At ten he was placed in the School for future military officers, but two years before leaving it (i. e. at sixteen) he entered the Moscow Conservatoire, and studied in the two places simultaneously. He had Safonof as piano teacher, and under him developed very remarkable powers. For counterpoint he was under Taneief, and for composition under Arensky—who thought little of him. At the conclusion of his course Scriabin abandoned his intended military career, and gave himself entirely to music.

He was quickly received into the circle of Belaief, the patron-publisher of Russian music, who planned recital tours for him, and printed his compositions as they were finished.

For a time Scriabin held a professorship at the Moscow Conservatoire. But he was much occupied with concert giving and composition. It is said that in one year he composed the Fourth Sonata, the *Tragic Poem* for piano, the *Satanic Poem* for piano, his third Symphony or *Divine Poem*, and forty smaller works. If this be true, it proves the existence of remarkable productive powers.

In his thirties Scriabin travelled much in Europe and also in America. Brussels was for a time a place of residence.

The support of the great conductor, Kussevitsky, was of great value to Scriabin, as it brought about many performances of his increasingly complex and difficult orchestral works. On one occasion Kussevitsky chartered a vessel and took his Orchestra, with Scriabin, for a concert tour of the Volga.

In early 1914 Scriabin paid a visit to London, during which, at a series of piano recitals, he awakened a great deal of interest. He was then suffering from a tumour of the lip, which unfortunately developed, and about a year later (April 1915) he died in Moscow. His last thoughts were of the War, which he thought would bring a great cleansing of the World's thought. He suffered extreme pain, and, doing so, paid the country he had recently visited the great compliment of exclaiming, 'I must be self-possessed like Englishmen'.

His was a strange temperament, Russian and fluctuating, carrying him into fits of religious ecstasy and leading him to the abandonment of many once-strong friendships and the desertion of a wife and family he had once adored.

The following anecdote of Scriabin has probably not previously appeared in print. It was told to the author by Mr. T. H. Preston, at that time His Britannic Majesty's Official Agent in Petrograd. He had it from a friend who was present on the occasion alluded to:

A Scriabin concert had been arranged by the Assembly of the Nobility. Scriabin came on and said, 'To-day genius has left me'. He then left the platform, and the money was returned to the audience. The recital was given next day.

(One of Scriabin's sons is a musician. A royalist officer, and an exile from Russia after the Revolution, he became a member of the Cossack troupe of musicians that toured Europe, and for a time performed in London. He was then said to be actively composing.)

GLAZUNOF

Glazunof was born in Petrograd in 1865. As a youth he was recognized by the group of Russian national pioneers, winning the favour of Balakiref and Rimsky-Korsakof, the latter of whom gave him formal lessons. His First Symphony was performed when he was only sixteen—under Balakiref's conductorship. Two or three

years later (1884) Liszt conducted the Symphony at Weimar. Glazunof won the admiration of the wealthy amateur, Belaief (see also Vol. I, p. 181), and it is said that Belaief's determination to found a publishing firm to bring before the world the works of Russian composers was prompted originally by the desire to help Glazunof.

World fame came quickly to the young composer. His compositions were quickly taken up.

In 1900, when he was thirty-five, he joined the staff of the Petrograd Conservatoire as Professor of Orchestration, and five years after that he succeeded Rimsky-Korsakof as Director.

Glazunof has written eight Symphonies and a very large number of other works of all kinds except Opera (but he has written Ballets and incidental stage music, and it fell to him to complete Borodin's Opera *Prince Igor*).

Glazunof began as a composer of the nationalist-romantic type, but gradually took the position of a writer of music of the more cosmopolitan and 'absolute' character.

RACHMANINOF

Rachmaninof is a Russian, born 1873. He studied at the Conservatoires of both Petrograd and Moscow; his teachers included Taneief and Arensky. For some years he lived in Dresden. As a pianist he has toured the world extensively, as a conductor he is much respected, and as a composer he has made a mark, though possibly not a lasting one, since his works for the most part are inspired by no very strong national or personal feeling, but whilst very skilfully written, are cosmopolitan and general in their expression. They include three Operas, two Symphonies, three Piano Concertos, pieces for Piano Solo, Songs, &c. Probably some of his best work has been put into the smaller Piano Pieces and the Songs, many of both of which are perfect in their kind.

MEDTNER

Medtner (sometimes spelt Metner, but his parents were German, and though there is scope for varied transliteration of genuinely Russian names there seems to be none for the transliteration of this) was born at Moscow in 1879. He was trained at the Conservatoire

of that place—in piano playing under Safonof, who helped him to become an exceptionally brilliant performer. After a career as touring recitalist he settled in his native country and city as a professor of Piano at his old school. He has appeared in America and in Britain.

Medtner has composed much Piano Music and a little Chamber Music; he has not shown any interest in the Orchestra or in Opera. He shows little Russian national feeling, and is indeed hardly a Russian composer, but rather a German composer born in Russia; Brahms is a considerable influence in his music—at all events as to its general feeling and its 'bigness' of style.

He has written a *Sonata Vocalise* (Voice and Piano, the former merely using vowels and attempting an instrumental, almost violin-like, type of expression).

4. FINNISH

SIBELIUS

Sibelius was born in Finland in 1865. He studied at Helsingfors, Berlin, and Vienna. When he was thirty-two the State made him an annual grant for life, so that he might be free for composition. He has found in his strong national feeling the inspiration of practically all his work. The austerity of a land of a long hard winter, the charm of a land of a short but brilliant summer, are both found there. The influence of national beauty and national legend are equally evident; the mere names of his pieces show the latter, the list of them being largely made up of titles such as *A Saga*, *The Swan of Tuonela*, *Finlandia*, *Karelia*, and so forth. His works include seven Symphonies, eight or nine Tone-Poems, and other orchestral pieces, a Violin Concerto, Songs, &c. They are usually very individual in style and feeling, with a deep-seated, rather than a superficial, romanticism. His latest works make no concessions to popular taste. They are very downright, terse, personal documents.

Sibelius.

5. BRITISH

ELGAR

Elgar (born 1857) was brought up in an atmosphere of music, for his father was both an organist and the owner of a music shop. As he puts it, 'A stream of music flowed through our house and the shop, and I was all the time bathing in it'. Until very lately you could still see that shop, in the High Street of Worcester, and the name 'Elgar' over the window.

Elgar.

The real awakening to the possibilities of music came in this wise. One day there came into the young musician's hands a copy of Beethoven's First Symphony. He turned over the closely printed pages of the old Wolfenbüttel Edition. The first movement made no particular impression. The slow movement was already familiar as an organ voluntary. The last movement seemed perfunctory. But the Scherzo—he glanced through this, and rushed to a place of solitude. With six active children in the house there was little opportunity for the quiet enjoyment of the treasure. Out he went! and once by himself, he examined it. Here was a revelation—a revelation of romance, fire, poetry. He looked at the page before him:

> . . . like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

A new ocean was in view, and he longed to sail it. An ocean on which you might set forth from the safe harbour of Natural Quay, touch rapidly and momentarily at such adjacent ports as the Quays of One Sharp and Two Sharps, and then, with a sudden favouring breeze, find yourself making for the Coast of Flats—passing quickly from port to port, resting nowhere, and almost before you realized

the distance you had travelled from home, find yourself casting anchor for a time and swaying gently on the tide in the Harbour of Five Flats.

Get out your volume of Beethoven's Symphonies and look at the chart—as Beethoven drew it and little eleven-year-old Elgar conned it. It meant as much to him as did Salvation Yeo's much vaunted map to Amyas Leigh—with its 'Cities and harbours, dragons and elephants, whales which fought with sharks, plate ships from Spain, islands with apes and palm trees, each with its name over-written, and here and there, "Here is gold", and again, "Much gold and silver".'

How Elgar learnt to play he hardly knows. He played the Piano, and in later years gained a reputation as an accompanist. He played the organ, and was able to help his father, and later, to take an organist's post of his own. He played the Violin, and that proved his main entrance into the practical world of music, and was for long years of early struggle his main source of income. He played the 'Cello and the Double-bass well enough to take his part in the Haydn and easier Mozart Symphonies that were then the staple fare of amateur orchestral societies. The Bassoon he played in a wind quintet, and in later years he played the Trombone. So Keyboard, Strings, Wood-wind, and Brass all claimed his attention at one time or another—and if one only probed a little deeper with one's questions, one could doubtless dig up memories of percussion.

For five years (1879–84) Elgar was Bandmaster of the Worcestershire County Lunatic Asylum, and this gave him his first steady experience of instrumental conducting. He was also Conductor of the Worcester Amateur Instrumental Society, and member of a Birmingham orchestra.

At thirty-two Elgar, still unknown to the larger world, tried to effect a lodgement in London musical life, but, failing in this, settled in Malvern and then in Hereford, doing the ordinary jog-trot tasks of the provincial professional. Gradually he established a footing as a composer, chiefly of those choral-orchestral works which formed the staple fare of provincial musical festivals. He was forty-two before he 'struck oil'—with the *Enigma* Variations for Orchestra, which are still, the world over, his most played work. A year later,

and at the Birmingham Festival, was heard his oratorio-setting of Cardinal Newman's great poem *The Dream of Gerontius*, which to a Catholic composer of strongly mystical vein naturally made a great appeal. Two years later this was repeated at the Lower Rhine Festival, and with great success. Strauss was present, and the public kiss and public words with which he testified his admiration gave Elgar's countrymen, with whom in those days foreign endorsement counted for a great deal, the courage to believe that at last they could claim to possess a great composer of their own; the effect upon British opinion was, indeed, comparable with that of the Parisian applause when Constable's *The Hay Wain* was suddenly hailed as a masterpiece at the Paris Salon eighty years earlier.

The position of Elgar is now assured, so far as his own countrymen are concerned, but, curiously, foreign appreciation has gone little farther since 1902. In Germany Elgar is not very much heard; in France he may be said hardly to be heard at all. Beyond 'Enigma' probably hardly anything of his is known in Italy; and in America, where one would expect to find appreciation for him, he has been too little performed to become known to any very large public. It is difficult to account for all this. Why should the French be able to accept the Catholic-romantic mysticism of Franck and not that of Elgar? Why should the Germans be able to accept the romantic-classic Brahms and not the romantic-classic Elgar? There may be something more purely national in his idiom and feeling than a British critic can recognize—or he may simply be 'up against' the obstinately held foreign notion, 'British musician no musician'.

The works of Elgar include, in addition to the orchestral Variations mentioned, two Symphonies and a very difficult and beautiful Violin Concerto, a Violoncello Concerto, the Oratorios, *The Dream of Gerontius*, *The Apostles*, and *The Kingdom*, many fine part songs, &c., the Concert Overture *Cockaigne*, a Symphonic Poem *Falstaff*, Songs, a Violin and Piano Sonata, a String Quartet, and a Piano Quintet. He has written no Piano solo music of importance.

DELIUS

Delius is on his father's side of Dutch descent and on his mother's of German. His parents settled in Bradford and became naturalized; there Frederick was born in 1863. The father was a musical enthusiast, the mother a literary romantic by disposition, who, so goes the anecdote related by the Composer, confiscated her boys' 'penny-dreadfuls' (*Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*, and the like) to become absorbed in them herself.

Delius.

Frederick showed musical precocity, and had good local piano and violin lessons. At ten, hearing a Valse of Chopin's twice played, he was able to repeat it from memory. Bradford has always been a musical centre, partly from the Yorkshire love of music, and partly from the presence there of a considerable German colony engaged in the wool trade. Thus a good deal of music came the boy's way, including String Quartet parties invited to the house. The comparative austerity of the classics of Chamber Music awakened little appreciation in Frederick Delius, whose bent was then, and has always been, towards the Romantics.

As a youth Frederick was sent to Germany to learn business methods; he preferred to learn something about Drama, Opera, and Orchestral Music, and more about violin playing (from Hans Sitt). Then, also on business, he went to Sweden and Norway, and established those Scandinavian relationships which have remained one of the pleasures of his life. Other business wanderings followed.

But business was not attractive, and at last, as the musical profession was prohibited, the youth succeeded in getting permission to settle in Florida as an orange grower. There he lived in solitude, sometimes for months together seeing no fellow human being. Occasionally a hunting expedition would be undertaken; there are, as a result of Delius's residence there, fewer alligators in Florida today, but it is not certain that there are more oranges.

Soon Delius met a fellow musical enthusiast, one Ward, an organist of Brooklyn, who had been sent to the South for his health. This man became his companion and teacher, and to him, apparently, he owes much in the widening of his musical sympathies and the developing of his technique, and especially of his grasp of counterpoint. Then he left the estate and, entirely lost to sight by his parents in England, became for a short time 'Professor Delius', teacher of pianoforte to young ladies in a small remote town, and an admired violinist. A family reconciliation followed, and provided means for a Leipzig education, a certain discreetly organized dinner to Grieg and his (Delius's) father at the Hotel Metropole in London, at which the former expressed himself tactfully to the latter, confirming the new and better family understanding.

Delius's first public appearance as a composer was with the Suite *Florida*, performed in Leipzig in 1888 (when the composer was twenty-five), by an orchestra of sixty, which was conducted by Hans Sitt and paid for with a large barrel of beer, the rates of payment to fiddlers and trombonists not being in those days quite what they are at present.

The introduction of the composer to London was effected at the Concert of his own works which he gave in 1889, at the old St. James's Hall under the conductorship of his friend Alfred Hertz, an event which helped to gain the Conductor his appointment at the Metropolitan Opera House at New York, and hence his later (and present) position as Conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, but had little immediate result upon the fortunes of the Composer, inasmuch as no further note of his was publicly heard in this country during the following eight years. J. F. Runciman later summed up as follows the critical expressions called forth by this Concert: 'The truth was that we didn't know what the devil to make of this music, and most of us were frank enough to say so. That there was intention, real mastery of notes; that every sound proceeding from the orchestra was meant by the composer; that there was no bungling, nor from beginning to end an unanticipated effect —all this every competent critic knew. But the strains sounded unpleasant in our ears.'

The eventual recognition of the genius of Delius in his native

country is due to Beecham more than to any one else. German appreciation came more readily.

Delius has always favoured France as a place of residence, though France has shown him little favour as a composer. Since his middle-thirties he has possessed a small estate near Fontainebleau, and there he has spent much time. And there he now (1928) lies, crippled by disease that has too early seized him, but lovingly tended by his wife, and visited by many musical friends, British and other. With a good Radio apparatus he hears much music, including performances of his own works—for whose fuller understanding he longs with the longing of a man who loves his fellows and wishes to feel in spiritual touch with them.

Amongst Delius's chief works are the Operas, *Koanga*, *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, and *Fennimore and Gerda*; the Orchestral Works, *Paris*, *Brigg Fair*, *Dance Rhapsody*, *In a Summer Garden*, *On hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring*; Concertos for Piano, for Violin, for 'Cello, and for Violin and 'Cello, and the Choral-Orchestral works *Appalachia*, *Sea Drift*, *A Mass of Life*, *A Song of the High Hills*, a so-called *Requiem*, and some Chamber Music.

He is a decided Romantic, with (e. g. in the Cuckoo piece above mentioned) some occasional Impressionist leanings. In the expression of such moods as those of dreaminess, or of rich, quiet, but emotional beauty, Delius has never been surpassed, if indeed equalled. Apart from such moods he seems limited. His themes are seldom very strong, he has no great melodic gift (*vide* his Songs), his form is often ineffective, and if ever a composer could be charged with rhythmic weakness, it is surely he (*vide* his *Mass of Life*). He has a subtle harmonic style all his own—a supple, shifting chromaticism.

BANTOCK

Granville Bantock's father was a London surgeon of eminence, and in London the composer was born in 1868. At sixteen the youth began to take a serious interest in music, and wished to adopt it as a profession, but the father opposed. Chemical engineering was the profession decided upon, and the course at the City and Guilds Institute at South Kensington was begun, but a good deal of

time was spent illicitly, and the study of music, and especially that of Wagner and Liszt, went actively forward. At last the Principal of the Institute protested, and persuaded the father to transfer the son to a place of more congenial learning. In 1889, aged twenty-one, he entered the Royal Academy of Music, and there for four years he remained, carrying out meanwhile much composition, some of it on the biggest lines—Operas, cycles of Symphonic Poems, &c.

On leaving the Academy Bantock started a musical journal, *The New Quarterly Musical Review*, and took up the conductorship of one of George Edwardes's Gaiety touring companies; the touring included a journey round the world. On return, he toured England and Ireland with Stanford's *Shamus O'Brien*. He also met and married the poet (Helen Schweitzer) whose lyrics he has since so often set to music. Then he went to New Brighton, near Liverpool, as conductor of the band in the pleasure gardens. He was engaged to conduct dance music and the like, and so he did conduct it, but he conducted something better too. After a few years the purely business attitude of the directors of The Tower triumphed over the artistic aims of their conductor, and the conductor looked round for an opportunity to do something better than was wanted there. Through Elgar's influence he was offered the post of Principal of the Birmingham School of Music; there in 1901 he went, and there he has remained.

Amongst his chief works are the great setting for Chorus and Orchestra of *Omar Khayyam*, the *Hebridean Symphony*, much finely conceived work for Unaccompanied Chorus, as *Atalanta in Calydon*, *Vanity of Vanities*, Songs, &c.

Scottish themes have greatly interested him, as have also Oriental themes.

SMYTH

Ethel Smyth was born at Sidcup, in Kent, in 1858. After a struggle with her father, a military officer of high rank and old-fashioned disciplinary ideas, she succeeded in getting permission to study at the Leipzig Conservatoire. Later, she worked privately in Leipzig with Herzogenberg, a great Bach scholar and a friend of

Brahms (allusions to the 'little English girl' will be found in the Brahms-Herzogenberg correspondence). Her German experiences have been very interestingly and characteristically described by herself in her *Impressions that Remained.*

Smyth.

Performances of her early works were few. At forty she heard her first Opera, *Fantasia*, at Weimar; at forty-three she heard her Opera *The Forest* ('Der Wald') at Dresden; at forty-eight *The Wreckers* at Leipzig and Prague (at Vienna and London later). A comic opera, *The Boatswain's Mate*, was first performed in 1916 in London.

Ethel Smyth, in 1910, had an honorary doctorate of music conferred on her by Durham University, in 1913 was imprisoned in Holloway Gaol (as a militant suffragist), and in 1920 received the feminine equivalent of knighthood (as Dame Ethel Smyth).

Her music includes a Mass, first performed at the Albert Hall, London, in 1893, and next performed (at Birmingham) thirty-one years later. She has also written a little Chamber Music, &c. She is a very entertaining author, having gifts of vivid description and sympathetic discussion. In addition to the book already mentioned she has written *Streaks of Life*, *A Three-Legged Tour in Greece*, and *A Final Burning of Boats.*

WALLACE

William Wallace was born at Greenock in 1860. He graduated in medicine at Glasgow University, and specialized in ophthalmology, studying in Vienna and Paris.

Then he dropped medicine, and entered the Royal Academy of Music. He can claim to have written the first Symphonic Poem of any British composer—*The Passing of Beatrice*, composed in 1892. Other Symphonic Poems followed, of which the best known are *Wallace, A. D. 1305–1905*; and *Villon*, both of these very able works. *Villon* has been widely performed in the United States and on the

Continent of Europe. The larger public came to know him (and know him well) by his stirring *Freebooter Songs.*

When the Great War broke out, Wallace resumed ophthalmological practice, as an army doctor—with much distinction. In addition to these varied activities he has had success as the author of some very thoughtful and well-reasoned books, *The Threshold of Music*, *The Musical Faculty*, *Richard Wagner as he Lived*, *Liszt and the Countess*, &c.

McEWEN

John Blackwood McEwen was born in the border town of Hawick in 1868. He graduated M.A. at Glasgow University at twenty, and then gave himself to music—at first Church Music so far as professional positions were concerned.

McEwen.

After a year or two he came to London, with three Symphonies, two String Quartets, a Mass, and other things amongst his baggage. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music—Composition under Prout and Frederick Corder and Piano under Tobias Matthay.

Then he returned to Scotland as Organist of a Greenock Church and as Professor of the Glasgow Athenaeum School of Music. At thirty he was back at the Royal Academy, this time as a professor, and in 1924 he succeeded Mackenzie as Principal.

MacEwen has written five Symphonies (amongst them the vivid *Solway Symphony*) and several smaller Orchestral Works. His Chamber Music is notable. He has also written Piano Music and Choral Music, &c., and several books, including his very valuable *The Thought in Music.*

IRELAND

John Ireland was born at Bowdon, Cheshire, in 1879. His father, Alexander Ireland the author, was of Scottish descent, his mother, also an author, of Northern English.

Ireland.

Ireland's musical training was received at the Royal College of Music, under Stanford as teacher of Composition. He went there early, at fourteen, and remained there for eight years, i. e. until he was twenty-two.

Since then he has lived a somewhat retired life in London, long exercising on Sundays the duties of an organist, and being seen by most people only at the (far too infrequent) performances of his works. His Piano Works include a very fine Sonata, a remarkable Sonatina (1928), and some romantic pieces of an impressionistic tendency such as *The Island Spell*. His Chamber Music and Songs are notable. Of Orchestral Music the world knows a Symphonic Rhapsody *Mai-Dun* and *The Forgotten Rite*.

HOLST

Gustav Holst was born at Cheltenham in 1874. His father was a professional musician there, as was his grandfather also. The paternal great-grandfather was of Swedish origin, but was born at Riga; he, also, was a professional musician, and as such settled in England. With Holst's daughter, who has already appeared in a small way as a composer, we have five generations of musical Holsts, which numerically approaches the record of the Bachs, equals that of the Couperins, and beats that of the Purcells and Scarlattis (see Vol. I, page 102).

Holst was composing as soon as he could hold a pen, and was early a performer on several instruments. When he was eighteen he was playing a village organ and conducting village choral societies. From his nineteenth to his twenty-fourth years he was a student at the Royal College of Music, Stanford being his composition teacher.

He then earned his living as a trombonist, and was for some time a member of the Scottish Orchestra. At twenty-nine he laid down his trombone, and took several music-masterships in schools in and about London. From 1906 the music of the St. Paul's Girls' School has been directed by him, and he has given it great importance.

Holst.

From about the same time he has been very closely associated with Morley College, on the south side of the river, an institute for working class education that has engaged his fullest sympathies. From 1919 he has been a composition teacher at the Royal College of Music, and also Lecturer in Music at Reading College (now Reading University).

During the latter part of the War Holst was (under Y.M.C.A. auspices) promoting musical activities in the British Army. The family name up to then had been 'von Holst', but the 'von' having proved an impediment to his going to Holland to work amongst the British soldiers interned there, it was dropped, and this having been done it became possible to smuggle him out to Salonica and then to Constantinople, despite the presence of a presumed one-eighth portion of foreign blood in his veins. At Constantinople he carried on wonderful soldiers' performances, and gave much serious tuition.

Amongst Holst's later and more important works are the great *The Planets* Suite for Orchestra, in which the astrological attributes of various planets are characterized in a very vivid way, *The Hymn of Jesus*, the *Ode to Death*, and a Choral Symphony for Chorus and Orchestra, and the humorous Opera, *The Perfect Fool*. Some of the most recent works, such as the *Fugal Overture* and the *Fugal Concerto*, resemble in formal aim the Neo-Classic works of Stravinsky (see pp. 116–19), which they slightly anticipated, and the change over from the use of a big-size Orchestra in such a work as *The Planets* to a small body of instruments minutely contrasted, in such a work as the *Fugal Concerto* (for Flute, Oboe, and Strings), resembles the change

in Stravinsky's instrumental method, seen when his *Rite of Spring* is compared with, say, his Piano Concerto.

Like many other composers, Holst does not quite decidedly take his place in any particular chapter of this book. He may be placed amongst the Nationalists on the grounds of the very large use he makes of native folk-song (the score of his Opera, *At the Boar's Head*, is practically entirely woven out of traditional tunes), and of the strong sympathy he has shown with such movements as that which aims at bringing into use again the national folk-dances; or be placed amongst the Neo-Romantics on the grounds of the mystic-romantic feeling he often expresses (comparable, in its way, with that of Franck, Elgar, and Vaughan Williams), which characteristic is very well exemplified in certain of the movements in *The Planets* Suite, and also in the *Hymn of Jesus*.

BAX

Arnold Bax was born in London in 1883, and trained at the Royal Academy of Music under Frederick Corder for Composition and Matthay for Piano. At twenty he made his first public appearance as a composer. He was already under the 'Celtic' influence that he has never since attempted to shake off. There is a mystic feeling and a wistfulness about all his work that has often been compared with the similar qualities in the poetry of W. B. Yeats.

Bax.

Amongst Bax's chief Orchestral Works are a Symphony in E flat and the Tone Poems, *The Garden of Fand* and *November Woods*. He has written much fine Choral Music (accompanied and unaccompanied). His Chamber Music and Piano Music are notable. For the introduction and popularization of his piano works Bax, himself a fine pianist, has been much indebted to fellow members of the Matthay Group and, in particular, to Harriet Cohen, who interprets them perfectly.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Ralph Vaughan Williams was born in Gloucestershire in 1872. He was educated at Charterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge, with two years at the Royal College of Music interpolated. After taking his degree at Cambridge he returned to the Royal College, studying composition with Parry and Stanford. Then he went to Berlin and worked with Max Bruch.

Vaughan-Williams.

For a time he occupied a position as organist in London, and gave a good deal of time to University Extension lecturing. In 1908, aged thirty-six, he was in Paris, studying with Ravel. When the Great War broke out he enlisted as a private in the Medical Corps; towards its very end he took a commission in an artillery regiment. He is now on the staff of the Royal College of Music, and was until 1928 Conductor of the London Bach Choir.

Vaughan Williams has been a great collector of Folk Songs, and his study both of these and of the contrapuntal English Tudor Music has greatly influenced his style. He has written much fine Choral Music, including an unaccompanied Mass which (like some other works) shows his decided leaning to medieval counterpoint (modal and with abundant 'consecutive 5ths', and the like). His *A London Symphony* and *Pastoral Symphony* are notable, and there are some admirable shorter orchestral pieces.

His Songs and Chamber Music exhibit a remarkable delicacy. The Opera, *Hugh the Drover*, is thoroughly English and very folk-like in subject and musical treatment. So is the Ballet, *Old King Cole*. In texture Vaughan Williams often shows a tendency to Impressionism, especially in his earlier works. In his later, more developed, certainly markedly individual, style he is very rarely chromatic and is nearly always contrapuntal, but his counterpoint is very free, and often consists of a kind of counterpoint of chords, instead of single lines. There is about his music a strength of

solidity, perhaps at times an excessive thickness, but it has always a notable sincerity and depth. The injustice of the charge of heaviness sometimes laid against him is surely obvious if one compares the *London* Symphony with (say) a Brahms Symphony. Many of his works, as for instance the *Concerto Accademico*, show an economy in instrumental resource that assimilates them in that respect to the work of the composers described in this book as 'the Anti-Romantics', but nearly all his work has a mystical tinge that entitles the author to place this notice in the position where it is found. Obviously this composer could have found a suitable place in several different sections of this volume; he has already been mentioned in the chapter concerned with Nationalism in Music.

6. AMERICAN

MACDOWELL

Edward MacDowell was born in New York in 1861. He early showed a love of music and a talent for it, yet was no remarkable boy prodigy. Local teaching made him a reasonably good pianist, and occasionally he had advice and help from the great South American pianist, Teresa Carreño.

Macdowell.

At fourteen his talent was sufficiently declared for his parents to send him to the Paris Conservatoire, where he had Debussy for a fellow pupil. At this period a gift for draughtsmanship seemed to be as pronounced as the gift for music, and a member of the staff of the School of Fine Arts, seeing one of his drawings, offered to give him a three years' course without fee. Is it far-fetched to see the inspiration of an artist eye in the large number of pieces he later wrote to titles suggesting natural objects?

It is usual for European observers to hold the opinion that American youth has its own way to an extent unknown in older countries. MacDowell's mother, who accompanied him to Europe, may have

been one of the American parents who established this tradition, for, on the boy, now sixteen, expressing discontent with his teaching at the Conservatoire, she willingly discussed with him a transfer to the Conservatoire of Moscow, Leipzig, or Stuttgart. The last was decided upon, but when tested proved to be unsatisfactory. Then a move was made to Frankfort, in order to profit by the piano teaching of Heymann, a short course of composition study at Wiesbaden under Ehlert, to fill up time, preceding this. At Frankfort the Conservatoire was then under the direction of Raff, and he undertook MacDowell's instruction in composition.

When MacDowell was twenty, Heymann's mind began to show signs of disorder. He left the Conservatoire, recommending MacDowell as his successor. Youth was considered an impediment, and the appointment was not made. MacDowell took private pupils, however, and amongst them was Marian Nevins, an American musician who later became his wife.

Then came the appointment to the Darmstadt Conservatoire as chief Piano Teacher. During the whole of this period MacDowell was soaking in the romantic poetry of Germany and England—Goethe, Heine, Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson. He was also actively exercising himself in composition, and when he took his first Piano Concerto to Liszt at Weimar, in 1882, it received approval. Better still, his *First Modern Suite* for Piano was given a place in the programme of the next festival of the General Society of German Musicians, then largely under Liszt's direction. Up to this time MacDowell had considered himself a pianist who composed, but henceforth he began to consider himself a composer who played the piano. The Suite in question and the *Second Modern Suite* were both published by Breitkopf and Härtel on the recommendation of Liszt, and constituted the composer's first appearance in print. There followed a happy period of early marriage, spent largely in a cottage in the country near Wiesbaden: much composition was accomplished and a fairly wide recognition resulted, in Germany, America, and elsewhere.

At last, in his twenty-seventh year, MacDowell returned to America. He settled in Boston and quickly took an important place as composer, pianist, and teacher. In 1896, when he was thirty-five, he

made the false move of his life, in accepting the professorship of music at Columbia University, New York. The chair was a new one ; the structure of the organization had to be built from the ground up. There was much necessary drudgery, and into this, with the more interesting work of exposition, he threw himself with conscientious ardour. MacDowell may have been the right man for the position, but the position was not the right one for him. During the eight years spent in time-consuming and vitality-exhausting academic work he composed incessantly, and the double labour was too much. Much of the composition was, however, done in vacation periods on a small estate he had bought near Peterboro, New Hampshire.

He resigned his University position in 1904, and next year there came signs of brain trouble. In 1908, not yet forty-seven, he died. He is buried on a hill-top near Peterboro, and the estate he owned there is now, under the direction of his devoted and accomplished wife and of a MacDowell Association she has formed, used as a place of quiet work for American musicians and other creative artists.

There is, perhaps, room here for an observation of slight importance on the curious parallels between the lives of the two Edwards, Grieg and MacDowell. Both were, on one side, of Scottish ancestry, and bore Scottish names ; both received early encouragement from Liszt. Both were happily married to understanding wives possessing musical talents and able to help them in their creative work ; neither of them wrote Symphonies, Operas, or Oratorios, but both excelled in the composition of short pieces of what one of them, MacDowell, called 'suggestive music' (i. e. not definite and detailed 'programme music', but music inspired by outside images which it re-evokes) ; both of them loved the country and composed in log cabins they had built in places of solitary beauty. MacDowell's last intellectual pleasure was the reading of Finck's *Grieg*, and when Finck called on Grieg, in Norway in 1901, the Norwegian nature-composer made many inquiries as to the American nature-composer. Both were buried amidst the scenes of natural beauty they loved. MacDowell dedicated his Norse and Celtic Sonatas to Grieg. Perhaps, after all, these observations are not of such slight importance as was a moment since suggested. At all events they set in motion a train of thought.

SOME OTHER AMERICAN COMPOSERS MORE OR LESS CLASSIFIABLE AMONGST THE 'MODERN ROMANTICS'

ARTHUR WILLIAM FOOTE, a Massachusetts man, was born in 1853. He was educated at Harvard, and is one of the many older American musicians who admit indebtedness to the teaching and example of J. K. Paine there. He was for a time an organist. His compositions were very varied and have done much to give America faith in its musical self.

GEORGE WHITFIELD CHADWICK was born in Massachusetts, in 1854, into a musical family. He studied at the New England Conservatory at Boston, at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and at Munich under Rheinberger. He then took an organ position in Boston and a position on the staff of his old school there, of which in 1897 he became the Principal. He did much conducting. His compositions have had a like influence with those of Foote, and as an educator his services have been of great value.

ARTHUR B. WHITING is still another member of what we may surely call the 'New England School'. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1851, and studied across the river, in Boston, at the New England Conservatory under Chadwick and others, as also in Munich under Rheinberger and others. On emerging from the student period he lived first in Boston and then in New York. His orchestral music has been a good deal played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has cultivated harpsichord-playing, and revived much old music for various instrumental combinations.[1]

HORATIO WILLIAM PARKER was also a New Englander. He was born near Boston, Mass., in 1863, and died in 1919. In composition he was, like so many other leading American composers, a pupil of G. W. Chadwick, but he also studied with Rheinberger at Munich. Church Music was a main interest of his musical life, and he held a number of important positions as organist and choirmaster. He was

[1] W. H. H. says 'Is it not advisable to add that Arthur Whiting has been the chief pioneer of Brahms' music in America?'

also, for a time, a teacher of counterpoint in the National Conservatory of Music, under Dvořák (see Vol. II, page 193).

The first composition to make Parker widely known outside his native land was the oratorio, *Hora Novissima*, which six years after its first performance in America was heard at the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester, England, in 1899 (the first prominent appearance of an American composer in British festival circles). Thenceforward for a few years Parker was a principal figure at English festivals, and he received the recognition of an Hon. Mus.D. from Cambridge University. In 1894 he became Professor of Music at Yale. The list of his compositions is extended, and includes almost all forms. He had considerable success as an opera composer.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, also a New Englander, was born in 1867. She made an early reputation as a pianist, playing widely with the best American orchestras. At eighteen she married, and henceforward gave most of her attention to composition. She has written much worthy music in many forms.

Henry F. Gilbert, still another Massachusetts man. He was born in 1868 and became a pupil of MacDowell and other American teachers. He has studied and used American, Indian, and Negro themes, and his compositions, in their very titles, as well as in their thematic content and general style, indicate strong nationalistic leanings.

Frederick S. Converse, another New Englander, was born in 1871, and was, like Foote, a student under Paine at Harvard. He also worked under Chadwick in Boston and under Rheinberger at Munich. Later he occupied positions on the staff of Harvard University and the New England Conservatory. His many works have had wide performance in America.

Henry R. Hadley, also a Massachusetts man, was born in the same year as Converse and was a student of the New England Conservatory under Chadwick and others, and also worked in Vienna. He had much early success as an operatic and orchestral conductor. For seven years he lived in Garden City, Long Island, as organist and teacher, and did much composition there. For five years (from thirty-three to thirty-eight) he lived in Germany, performing and con-

ducting his own works and latterly conducting the opera at Mainz. He has composed many Operas, Tone Poems, &c.

(Except MacDowell the above are all New England composers; it will be seen that they constitute a somewhat remarkable group, and the thought occurs that the oldest-settled and least racially mixed part of the country made the first great contribution to a national repertory.)

Charles M. T. Loeffler is always considered an American composer, though he is an Alsatian by birth, and, born in 1861, did not enter America until he was twenty, when he joined the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra as a violinist. He has since then lived in or near Boston. He has been very active in composition, and is much respected by American music lovers. The view of the present writer, which he will gladly put aside under sufficient persuasion from those who know Loeffler's works better, is that this composer is something of a musician's musician, i. e. his works, from their cleverly designed structure and admirably adroit orchestration, are exceedingly interesting but not greatly inspired.

7. ITALIAN

PIZZETTI

Ildebrando Pizzetti was born at Parma in 1880. He was trained at the Conservatoire there, and later taught composition in it. He also conducted opera in his native city. At twenty-nine he was appointed teacher of composition in the Conservatoire of Florence, and at thirty-seven became its Director; at forty-four he became Director of the Conservatoire of Milan. He has associated a good deal with d'Annunzio, and won fame by his incidental music for two of this writer's plays. He is a very prolific composer of Operas, Orchestral Music, Chamber Music, &c., and an almost equally prolific critical writer. In composition and authorship he shows himself possessed of the highest ideals, but his music looks backward rather than forward, i. e. he is hardly to be associated with the most advanced Italian group. He has written a good deal under the name 'Ildebrando da Parma'.

RESPIGHI

Respighi was born in Bologna in 1879. After studying at the conservatoire there he went to St. Petersburg to become a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakof, and then to Berlin to become a pupil of Max Bruch. He is now head of the St. Cecilia Conservatory at Rome.

Respighi has written six or seven Operas (including one delightful, simple work for Marionettes), a little Chamber Music, and some effective Orchestral Music, e. g. the Symphonic Poems, *Fountains of Rome* and *The Pines of Rome*, and the Suite, *Stained Glass Windows* ('Vetrate da Chiesa'), also an 'arranged' Suite, *Old Airs and Dances*. The score of the Diaghilef Ballet, *The Eccentric Toyshop* ('La Boutique Fantasque') is an arrangement by him of works of Rossini.

Respighi's orchestration is very clear and purposeful.

8. JEWISH

BLOCH

Ernest Bloch is a Jew, born in Switzerland, trained there and in Belgium, Germany, and France, and now settled in the United States. He was born in 1880.

When his varied musical education was completed he returned to his native place, Geneva, and entered the family business, composing in his spare time. When he was thirty his Opera, *Macbeth*, written many years before, was performed in Paris, where it made a stir as the work of an overturner of the good old musical customs. About the same time he directed in Switzerland concerts of some of his orchestral works, and so began to come further into notice.

Five years later he went to the United States as the conductor for the dancer, Maud Allan, and there he has remained, occupying in turn various educational positions. Most of his later works have been first performed in the United States, and he now almost counts as an American composer. But he desires to express his racial mind in music, often choosing Jewish themes, and shows in much of his work an Oriental rhapsodic exuberance. The American writer,

Paul Rosenfeld, has said, 'The coloration of his orchestra, the cries of his instruments, the line of his melody, the throbbing of his pulses, make us feel the great tide sweeping on, the wave rolling over all the world. In his art we feel the earth turning itself to the light of the East.'

Yet there are certain pieces of Bloch in a more atmospheric, evocative, or impressionistic style, and his *Concerto Grosso* (1925) for String Orchestra and Piano shows decided Neo-Classic tendencies. Thus his ultimate direction seems to be yet unsettled.

PERIOD VIII

The Anti-Romantics

XXI

THE ANTI-ROMANTICS

It is unusual that an author should begin a chapter with a confession that he does not fully understand the subject of which he is treating, but perhaps honour may be saved if he asserts that nobody as yet does fully understand the present-day movement and, apparently, least of all its composers themselves.

In considering the music of the twentieth century one thing is, however, clear enough—there is in progress a decided reaction against Romanticism, including that form of it called Impressionism. There are tendencies—

1. To reduce or abolish all strong emotions[1] and literary associations and implications in instrumental works (such as those so often seen in the scores of Weber, Schumann, and Strauss, for instance), and likewise what we may call pictorial or Nature suggestions (such as those of the widely diverse Debussy and MacDowell).
2. To abolish 'Romantic' harmony even when free from such associations (harmonic styles such as those of the composers mentioned and also those of the less 'literary' Romantic composers, such as Chopin, Brahms, Elgar, and Franck).
3. To adopt a pungent rhythmic style, having little in common with the old style of phrases answered by balancing phrases and building themselves up into regular 'Subjects'—and so on.
4. To drop the old forms (Sonata, Symphony, &c.), as being too indirect and long-winded.
5. To discard old methods of orchestration, such as those of Wagner, Strauss, and Elgar, in which a balance and merging of tints is sought, and to install in place of them a method of orchestral colours in juxtaposition, sharply standing off from one another.

[1] Cf. some of the modernist poets, e.g. Edith Sitwell, 'Poetry is primarily an art, and not a dumping ground for emotions' (*Poetry and Criticism*).

What the Anti-Romantics say and what they do

All this makes the new music sound, at first hearing, as different as possible from the old, and it would appear that music has now come nearer 'a fresh start' than at any time since 1600. That much seems clear. Music in the Anti-Romantic period is like Mr. Reginald Wilfer, in *Our Mutual Friend*, whose life's ambition was 'to wear a complete new suit of clothes, hat and boots included, at one time'. Mr. Wilfer never attained this ambition, and music will never attain it either. But it has occasionally come so near it that some of its own best old friends have passed it by, not recognizing it as music at all.

When we bring ourselves down to details, and begin to study the new music in the light of what the composers themselves and their followers and associates say about it, we at once find the further truths we are seeking concealed in a mass of strange and often self-contradictory statements. The general position seems to be this. A number of the composers of the day are, like a number of the painters, sculptors, and writers, strongly influenced in an anti-romantic direction. So influenced they produce a body of music, some of which is undoubted rubbish, and other of which by its force, directness, and certainty of craftsmanship persuades, or almost persuades, one that it is of the level of at least the lesser masterpieces of old. Naturally a good deal of the process of creation is sub-conscious. Then, driven to self-defence by their opponents, the composers bring their full conscious mind to bear upon the explanation of their production, and their ardent followers do likewise.[1] But the conscious which explains is not half so clever as the sub-conscious which creates, and at once there is brought into existence, for the discomfiture of the simple-minded fellow who 'wants to know', a state of confusion that reduces him to the state of 'either the author's mad or I am—perhaps both!'

[1] But see also page 120.

A few Examples of the Contradictions

As an example of the confusion. The first volume of the new edition of *Grove's Dictionary of Music* appeared a few days before this chapter was written. It includes letter 'B'. Bartók is one of the Anti-Romantics referred to in the heading of the present chapter, and I turn eagerly to see whether the critic who has made a special study of that composer's work in order to write this important article can give me any real guidance on a subject that admittedly at the present moment somewhat puzzles most of us. I read at the end of the article an allusion to the opera *Bluebeard's Castle*, 'a grim and enigmatic work, full of atmosphere and dramatic tenseness, and entirely free from operatic formulas'.

Then follows this passage, contradictory with what has just been said and also, surely, to most readers, self-contradictory in its implications:

> Bartók might be reproached with a singular and systematic lack of emotion. The absence or presence of this quality, however, depends upon the outlook of each individual hearer. In order to appreciate his work it is necessary to expect nothing in the nature of subjective expression on the composer's part. Bartók never sets out to convey his personal feelings to his audience; his art is concerned solely with the delivery of its message in the most lucid possible way; but precisely because of its restraint it is capable of evoking in the listener, provided that he is sufficiently receptive, deeply human feelings of his own.

From this passage one clear general impression, at least, remains. In conscious desire Bartók is an Anti-Romantic. But is he entirely one in achievement? The description of his work seems to represent it as a muddle. What is this talk of a work 'full of atmosphere and dramatic tenseness' coming from a composer who 'might be reproached with a singular and systematic lack of emotion'? What is this about a composer from whom we are 'to expect nothing in the way of subjective expression', and who 'never sets out to convey his

personal feelings to his audience', yet who can awaken in the hearer 'deeply human feelings of his own'?

The frequent attempt to make us believe that the music of the Anti-Romantics is scrupulously devoid both of emotion and of 'programme' constantly produces these very curious statements. Thus the well-known conductor, Ansermet ('Great is Stravinsky, and Ansermet is his prophet!'), in discussing the Three Pieces for String Quartet, says 'Stravinsky has affixed no programmes or titles to his pieces, and he wishes them to be listened to abstractedly'. He then goes on to describe the pieces in terms which boldly defy that statement, though apparently he is totally unconscious of their so doing:

> The first represents a group of peasants singing and dancing against the monotonous setting of the steppes. In it one hears the droning piping and the dull drumming of the peasants, and the heavy beat of their feet as the sounds drift for a moment out of the distance.
>
> The second represents priests chanting in a church, now in plainsong, now with a hint of the *Dies Irae*. More than once the chanting is discordant, and now and again the organ has to support them in their uncertain tones.
>
> The third is an unhappy juggler who is distraught with a grief that he must hide while he does his little feats before the watching crowd. One hears in certain glinting tones the flash of his tricks, and as a piercing contrast the sorrow that tortures him while he is at his seeming play.
>
> E. Ansermet (translated by F. M. H.).

So, too, Mr. Edwin Evans, speaking of the Ballet, *The Rite of Spring*, which, its stage setting and action discarded, has come to be performed as a concert piece, says that it 'is in all but name a modern symphony, and is therefore to be regarded as abstract music, despite its original purpose'. He adds that 'the suggestion of a programme has done more harm than good', yet goes on to describe the Prelude of Part II as 'gloomy with the oppression of the vast forces of Nature,

pitiful with the helplessness of living creatures in their presence'.

It is fair to this writer and the other just quoted to say that there is warrant for believing that the composer himself has thought, and sometimes expressed himself, just as confusedly as they upon the nature of his work. He has written pieces as Operas, then removed the words and changed them to Ballets, then removed the action and changed them to instrumental works, and when they have reached this last stage has claimed that they were pieces of purely 'abstract' music. He has been a great rearranger, and as each new arrangement of a work has been made has defended it as the true original at last revealed. His *The Nightingale* (founded on Hans Andersen) began as an Opera, became a Ballet, and is now (its score re-edited for the purpose) sometimes performed as a Symphonic Poem. His *Renard* has followed a similar course of reincarnation. So has his *The Wedding*. He sanctions or instigates concert performances of all his Ballets, and then, despite the fact that they were originally written to a very detailed scenario, they are boldly described as 'abstract' music. See, however, E. E.'s statement at end of Appendix III.

The Anti-Romantic's hatred of Blend

There is, it seems, a definite theory underlying such statements, but it is a difficult one. It may be exemplified by giving Mr. Ansermet's description of *The Soldier's Story* ('a read, played, and danced story'):

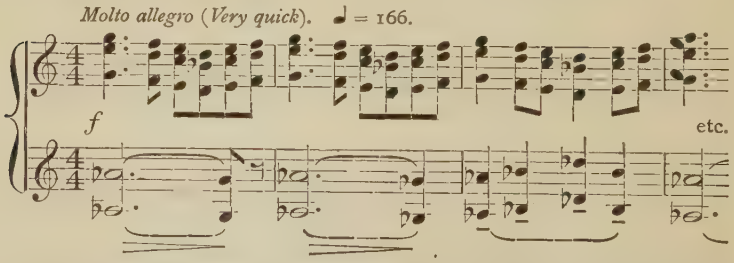
> The work in its general conception combines three elements, the verbal, the musical, and the plastic, without ever mixing them, realizing thus an idea which is diametrically opposed to the Wagnerian theory of blending the various forms of art. The cohesion of these elements consists merely in the continuous close agreement in their mutual understanding of the subject and the similarity of the 'tones' chosen by them.

In other words, there are three or four rivers flowing along in the same channel at the same pace, always companioning one another and never merging or mingling—like the Rhone and the Arve at Geneva. It is a strange conception, and surely unrealizable,[1] but, as an intellectual conception, it is typical of its composer and of his followers and many of his younger contemporaries. For, as already hinted, this school has a horror of mixing and mingling. Its words and their setting must assert their mutual independence. If melodies are contrapuntally combined they must be in different keys—when in any keys at all.[2] If instrumental tone colours are combined each must stand clear of every other (we may have a red and a blue, but they must not blend into a purple). If notes are combined into chords they must refuse to encourage Browning's boast:

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound but a star.

[1] In fairness to Stravinsky the reader should turn to Appendix III and try to grasp his own exposition of this difficult question, as there set out.

[2] Here, from Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* is an example of combination of melodies in different keys (i.e. an example of 'Polytonality')—



The top tune (Woodwind and Strings) is in F major, or something like it. The bottom tune (4 Tubas) is in A flat or D flat. (Details omitted are a Woodwind trill (A–B flat) and a Bass Drum punctuation in triple time.) In playing this extract on the piano put right-hand part an octave higher, and so allow the two parts to stand off from one another as great differences of orchestral colour cause them to do.

Discord and Concord

To the ear accustomed to eighteenth- or nineteenth-century music, Stravinsky's or Bartók's seems to be all 'discord' (in the popular sense of the word) and no 'harmony' (again in the popular sense). You may search through pages of one of the scores before you meet with a 'common chord'—a simple C–E–G, or anything like that. The notes of all the chords are, indeed, 'standing off' rather than merging. They remain notes and produce no 'star'.

This, however, may be a temporary condition in the listener's experience. 'Discord' and 'concord' are after all relative terms. It is probable that, as in the past, the discords of one age will prove to be the concords of the next. The combination of C E G B flat was once a harsh discord. If used at all it was not to be allowed to remain or to pass heedlessly into some other chord. It had to be 'resolved' in a very particular way, on the chord F A C—the E rising to an F and the B flat falling to an A. Nowadays if a composition ended on the chord C E G B flat with no resolution at all, probably few of us would be in the slightest degree worried and many would not notice the incident.[1] Those four notes have come to merge into what Browning calls a 'star', and some of the later combinations may in time do the same. If any of these Anti-Romantics think that the discordancy of their combinations of notes will always attract the same attention as at present they are probably wrong. As the Irish critic said, 'The greatest surprise of their life may come to them twenty years after they're dead.' Punch's joke, 'O for the good old days of Debussy!' is already long out of date (as a joke), and should now read, 'O for the good old days of Stravinsky and Schönberg'.

[1] See Chopin's Twenty-third Prelude (in F) for an example of this kind of ending, by the way.

The Anti-Romantic Use of 'Discord'

It is difficult to achieve a satisfactory harmonic analysis of contemporary music, but probably some future theorist will take a piece of Stravinsky's and point out that its discords themselves differ in pungency within as wide a range as that which in our younger days divided the concords of those days from the legitimate and permitted discords. For example, the fluctuation between 'concord' and 'discord' in a piece of Bach's possesses a parallel in the fluctuation between milder and harsher discords in a piece of Stravinsky's. In other words, on this theory, 'discord' and 'concord' are not absolutes but relatives—which seems to be a reasonable enough suggestion, and one which is supported by a study of the history of music during the past four hundred years. Indeed, the only way to consider modern schools of music and still retain one's sanity is to make the fullest use of the doctrine of musical relativity. And if 'discord' and 'concord' are merely relative terms, so are 'romantic' and 'classical', and 'subjective' and 'objective'. There are no absolutes anywhere. The new music is less 'romantic' and less 'subjective' than the old, but if it were as entirely 'abstract' as its protagonists assert it would be the equivalent of a mere geometrical diagram, and would interest nobody at all.

The Abolition of Romance a Vain Dream

The best plan for the man of common sense is to brush on one side all statements such as that the music of Stravinsky is 'pure abstract sound'[1] and that he produces music in which 'every vestige of poetic implication is negated',[2] to recognize that all music is necessarily more or less romantic (the human being cannot live in a vacuum), but to admit frankly that that of the composers in question is of the 'less so' variety. There

[1] Edwin Evans, *Musical News*, 4th June, 1921.

[2] Leigh Henry on the Three Pieces for String Quartet, 1922.

has certainly never been any good music that was purely intellectual, and never any that was purely emotional; but, naturally, action and reaction occur, and the balance of interest is now on one side and now on the other. At present the intellectual weighs down the scale. Composers are reacting against the excessive romanticism of the age that preceded them. In the eighteenth century the pendulum of music swung to the intellectual side, that of formal beauty; in the nineteenth it swung to the side of emotional expression; in the twentieth it is due to swing again to the intellectual side, and in place of the eighteenth century formal beauty composers are substituting another intellectual element, that of research into the qualities of tone, into the effects of novel combinations of notes, and so forth.

Attempts at a Musical Geometry

The attempt to produce what I have called above 'a mere geometrical diagram' has, it must be admitted, occasionally been made. Stravinsky wrote a piece which he called *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*, which represents perhaps the furthest progress in the 'abstract' direction. He wrote for wind instruments because they are, on the whole, less 'naturally expressive' than strings, and directed that the music should be played entirely without expression, since its whole charm lay in its exploitation of carefully chosen and contrasted tonal qualities. Kussevitsky conducted this work in London, and the composer, who was present, later charged him in the press with having spoilt it by an attempt to play it expressively. To this the rejoinder was that so far from any attempt being made to play expressively the performers had been fully occupied with the attempt to play the mere notes, the orchestral parts having arrived too late to allow of any rehearsal. In no former period of history has a composer complained of the importing of 'expression' into his music and a performer defended himself by a denial of having

attempted any such thing, and the incident is significant of the new aims and tendencies.

It may also be recalled that Stravinsky has written certain pieces for the 'Pianola' in which he has taken advantage of that very expressive instrument's ability to play inexpressively and mechanically when this is desired: he wanted, he said, to achieve 'timbre independent of sentimental inflections'.

In such pieces as these and the 'Symphonies' just mentioned is seen the revolutionary aim in its most extreme manifestation. But no revolutionary aim is ever completely attained. Wagner set out to merge the arts, and so to do away with the dominance of music in Opera; he succeeded in this so partially that a very large part of his work is capable of performance on a concert platform, i.e. simply as music. The Russian revolution of 1917 set out to achieve the end of capitalism, but before long Russia was once more (at least in a considerable degree) a capitalist state. It would be just as well if the world would learn once and for all that absolutes of all kinds are unattainable.

The New Classicism

Amongst the aims imputed to the Anti-Romantics at the beginning of this chapter was (No. 4) that of dropping the old forms as being too indirect and long-winded. They were for 'directness'; they opposed not only the emotional in music, but also the elaborately formal.

In a Beethoven Sonata, for example, they disliked not merely the suggestions of awe and mysticism and courage and love, but also what we may call the technical rhetoric, such as, for instance, the procedure of 'Sonata Form', the building up, from some initial musical thought or *motif*, of a definite statement, or 'Subject', the building up, from some other musical thought or *motif* of another and contrasted musical statement or 'Subject', the treatment (in what is called the 'Development' portion of a Sonata Form movement) of portions of

these statements or 'Subjects' in a way closely resembling a preacher's treatment of a text or texts, the re-statement of the 'subjects' and the oratorical peroration which we call 'Coda'.[1]

Similarly, in a Bach Fugue, they disliked the closely argued discussion of the 'Subject' propounded in the opening measures. They were anarchical not only in wishing to destroy the old sentiments of society, but also in wishing to destroy the old constitutional procedure. They would do away not only with the Church and its outlook upon infinity, but also with the State with its codified regulations for men's behaviour. They were not only Anti-Romantics, but also Anti-Classics.

As it happens, however, the 'Anti' capacities of humanity are ridiculously limited by Nature, and are very difficult to sustain over any long period. And so Stravinsky, in his last phase (his last up to the date of writing, at any rate), whilst still opposing Romanticism, has made his peace with Classicism to the extent of adopting classic forms. He has written a Piano Sonata and a Piano Concerto that, so far as general procedure goes, might be looked upon as the work of a twentieth-century Bach. He has said (interview in the *Christian Science Monitor*, January 1925):

> I'm an altogether different composer from the Stravinsky of *Fireworks*, *Song of the Nightingale*, and *The Rite of Spring*. You do not know me unless you have heard the music which I have written in the last two years. . . . I have gone back in the centuries and have begun over again, on a historic foundation. What I write to-day has its roots in the style and methods of Palestrina and Bach.

This change dates from 1923–4. The works in question

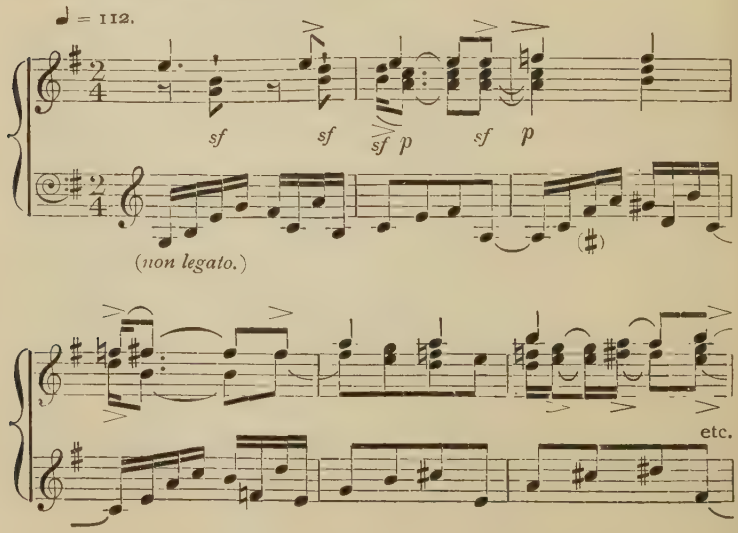
[1] Cf. Chekov to an author friend, 'Cut out all those pages about the moonlight, and give us what you really feel about it—the reflection in a piece of broken bottle', quoted in Murry, *The Problem of Style* (Oxford University Press).

have much counterpoint, and are sometimes very Bach-like in texture, and even fugal. Much of the harmony is 'extreme', but there are passages in which the older harmonies are not disdained; we even sometimes find two voices running in parallel thirds, and movements, however discordant some of their passages, 'make a good end' on ordinary 'common chords'.

Of this Neo-Classic development the third (and last) Movement of his Piano Sonata (1925) may be cited.

Much of this fugal Movement might, as far as idiom goes, have been written by Bach himself, e.g. the very 'Subject', and some of its treatment—canon, augmentation, tonic pedal, &c. Much of the harmony, too (though not in the following example), is little if any more 'modern' than Bach.

In this extract we find the left hand 'developing' the first bar and a half of the Subject; an interesting feature is that whereas the Subject was originally an unbroken flow of semiquavers, the last four notes, but not the rest (of what is used here), are 'augmented' into quavers.



In the right-hand 'counterpoint' we find still in use what has always been a strongly individual characteristic of Stravinsky—his sharp irregular rhythmic accents—(cf. the second example on page 9 of Vol. I), here perhaps suggesting some slight debt to contemporary dance-music.

Whether this phase represents Stravinsky's ultimate goal or whether it is merely an example of 'reculer pour mieux sauter' remains to be seen. At all events, it is in one thing not inconsistent with the previous phase, being still in reaction against the nineteenth-century Romantic school—perhaps one should say 'in intended reaction', as some of the movements in these works promote a pretty definite romantic emotion when listened to sufficiently often for their strangeness to cease to trouble.

In Germany, Busoni, at the time of his death in 1924, was engaged upon an attempt at Neo-Classicism, which, looked at in its broad outlines, was very similar in aim to Stravinsky's, and in Britain such works as Holst's *Fugal Overture* (for Orchestra) and *Fugal Concerto* (for Flute, Oboe, and Strings) and Vaughan Williams's *Concerto Accademico* exemplify the same desire to make use of classical forms and styles whilst not abandoning a modern harmonic outlook. Younger French, Italian, and German composers have made similar experiments. A re-reading of what was said about Bach's orchestration in Chapter X of the first volume of this work will show that the modern desire to keep lines of orchestral primary colour distinct, rather than let them merge into blended effects, is quite in keeping with one early phase of classical musical thought.

The Creed of a Moderate Man

As it has been necessary to allude rather plainly to some of the excesses of the protagonists of the new Anti-Romantic school, it seems desirable that the author should state clearly his own attitude towards the new movement. He believes that art 'progresses' not in a straight line, but by alternate

divergences to first one side of the line and then the other; he thinks that an excursion to the Anti-Romantic side of the line was due, and perhaps overdue, and welcomes the sight of a group of composers engaged in making that excursion. Looking through history he sees few or no reforms that have not been the work of one-sided minds (fanatical minds, if you like, in many cases), and he believes that the composers now in question, and still more, perhaps, their journalistic supporters, have shown a considerable degree of onesidedness (and occasionally of fanaticism). He thinks that some of them have been more moved, perhaps, by the impulse to destroy than by that to create. He thinks that a good deal of the work produced, however novel in idiom, is not merely experimental but also commonplace, so that it gives the same unhappy combination of pain and boredom as one might get from a dentist drilling one's teeth and talking weather the while. But amongst the huge mass of stuff already produced is to be found some that has high value, and is likely to live. His sympathies are, on the whole, very much more on the side of the Anti-Romantics and Neo-Classics than on the side of the later Romantics, because, temperamentally, he prefers immaturity to over-ripeness. He is convinced of the basic sincerity of (to take three examples) Stravinsky, Bartók, and Busoni. But he thinks that all these men and their lesser followers have suffered from an overdose of their own theories, which has driven them in many cases to a too great dependence upon their reason and a slighting of those sub-conscious instincts out of which, in the main, has in the past proceeded the impulse to the production of the world's masterpieces. He looks forward to the coming twenty years as quite possibly a period of return to a better mental balance on the part of a public at present largely antagonistic to any novelty, and a consequent return to better mental balance on the part of composers and writers who are now driven to extreme expressions by the goad of self-defence. There is sometimes an academicism

in avoiding academicism, and perhaps these people are at present occasionally guilty of that. Finally, let it be emphasized that the Anti-Romantic movement in music is only a phase of the activities of the Spirit of the Age. In all the arts there are similar manifestations—all the arts but one:

> I asked if in cookery there were no signs of that revolt against suavity which shows in the other arts. He said that, in fact, one of his literary friends was going to write a cubistic cookery book, in reaction against the sameness of food. 'Why should rice always be soft?' 'I advised him to put gravel in it!' said Mr. Montagné. But the truth is that though a fashion may induce people to buy dadaist or vorticist pictures and hang them on the walls, they will not risk their stomachs with anything that departs from sound tradition. Criticism of cookery has a certain sincerity. —Mr. Stephen Gwynne's interview with M. Prosper Montagné, a famous Paris chef, in the *Observer*, 16th January 1927.

LEADING ANTI-ROMANTIC COMPOSERS

STRAVINSKY

Igor Stravinsky was born near Petrograd in 1882. His father was an opera singer of repute.

Stravinsky's education was directed to preparation for the legal profession, but at twenty, travelling in Germany, he met Rimsky-Korsakof, and the impression made on him decided him to take up music, and shortly after this he put himself under that master's direction. The relationship between Stravinsky and his teacher and teacher's family was happy. Some of his piano music is dedicated to Rimsky-Korsakof's sons, and the now popular *Fireworks* (for Orchestra) was written to celebrate the marriage of his daughter. In 1908 he undertook the sad duty of composing a *Dirge in Memory of Rimsky-Korsakof.*

Stravinsky's meeting, about his twenty-fifth year, with Diaghilef, of the famous Russian Ballet, was of great importance. It turned his talent into a channel which, as it has since appeared, gave

it free course. The *Fire Bird* was the first Ballet commissioned (1910); then followed *Petrushka* (1912); the Opera *The Nightingale* (later turned into a ballet); and the Ballet, *The Rite of Spring* (1913).

Stravinsky.

The Fire Bird and *Petrushka*, quaint and tuneful (some folk-tune influence) and gaily coloured orchestrally, despite much that is novel, particularly in the harmony, won easy acceptance. *The Rite of Spring* (1913) was another matter. It appeared to be strongly revolutionary and aroused great argument, especially when the ballet scenario for which it had been written was put aside and acceptance asked for it as a 'Symphony' and as a piece of 'absolute' music. *The Nightingale* (which was first heard later than *The Rite of Spring*) was similarly discussed, and each succeeding work has re-awakened the discussion —the opera *Renard* (1915), *The Soldier's Story* (1917), the so-called *Symphonies of Wind Instruments, in Memory of Debussy* (1920), and the operas *Mavra* (1921), *The Wedding* ('Noces'), composed in 1917 and first heard in 1923, and the ballet *Apollo Musagetes*, first heard in 1928.

Debate took a new turn in the early 1920's when a Piano Sonata and a Piano Concerto appeared which were said by the Composer to mark his determination to adopt the classical style. (See page 116.)

Paris has been the centre of Stravinsky's activities, partly owing to its being Diaghilef's headquarters. Stravinsky has lived there and in Switzerland, and now lives in the French Riviera. He has visited America.

Note the Oriental influence in the work of Stravinsky's middle period: the rhythms and the oft-repeated tiny snatches of melody of Tibetan musicians heard in London in 1922 strongly reminded many listeners of *The Rite of Spring*.

No account of Stravinsky would be complete that neglected to take account of his sense of humour—sometimes a biting irony. There is no doubt that his choice of humorous, exotic, and magical Ballet subjects has much helped the acceptance of his music; their touch

of the grotesque has seemed to many people a justification of harmonies and orchestral touches to which they would normally have shown little tolerance. It may be observed that the subjects, in themselves, are romantic, and the composer's treatment of the earlier ones might also be considered as coming under that description. Gradually, however, a drier wit and a less emotional attitude of mind marked his work, until at last, as already indicated (page 115), he reached a point where he claimed to have utterly discarded all (extra-musical) emotions whatever.

BUSONI

Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni was born near Florence in 1866. His father and mother were fine musicians; the latter was of German descent. As a child he made a stir, both as composer and pianist, but chiefly as the latter. His first public appearance was in Vienna when he was nine, and it at once established him as a personality in the musical world. He lived comparatively little in Italy, finding Germany his spiritual home. For two or three periods of a few years each he lived in America. Busoni died in 1924, aged only fifty-eight.

Busoni.

No pianist, perhaps, has ever played like Busoni; his subtlety of phrasing was magnificently true, and his variety of tone-colour amazing. This has perhaps led the general public to overlook his activities as a composer, which were almost incessant throughout his career, except for a gap of nine or ten years in his later twenties and earlier thirties. The best way of concisely stating the facts of his later manner is to say that in the attempt to employ the devices and forms of the older contrapuntal period and to apply them to the expression of modern feeling it somewhat resembles the latest phase of Stravinsky. Like Schönberg he has theorized a good deal about his methods, and his writings on the subject have been collected and published in book form.

Amongst Busoni's large output are to be found three Operas and

a large portion of another, *Doctor Faust* (finished after his death by his pupil Jarnach), a considerable number of larger or smaller Orchestral works, Chamber works, and Piano pieces—the last including an elaborate *Fantasia Contrappuntistica* on themes from Bach's *Art of Fugue* (in two versions, the earlier for one piano, the later for two).

CASELLA

Alfredo Casella was born at Turin in 1883. His mother was his first teacher, but at thirteen he was sent to the Paris Conservatoire, where he had a highly successful student career, as pianist and composer. Fauré was his teacher of composition. He has had many triumphs in different countries as pianist and orchestral conductor, and has, like some other Italian composers of to-day, written a great deal of criticism. For a time he taught Piano at the Paris Conservatoire, and he has also been on the staff of the St. Cecilia Conservatoire in Rome. He founded in that city the National Society of Music, later to become the Corporation of New Music, and now the Italian branch of the International Society for Contemporary Music. His national outlook is indicated in the following: he 'is convinced that Italy, now become a great modern nation, ought to regain one of the first positions in the European family'; and he believes that 'through the more developed means of the world's music (a technique towards the formation of which Italy has contributed nothing for about a century) there will at length be reintegrated in Italian music those ancient and eternal characteristics of the Italian genius—grandeur, severity, classic purity, sobriety, robustness, elasticity, equilibrium, and boldness, and virtuosity of means employed'. He condemns the 'fatal confusion that has lasted so long, a confusion of the predominance of vocal melodramatic monody with *true music*, the sense of which, unfortunately, the Italians have

Casella.

for a hundred years lost'. (Quoted here from de Angelis' *L'Italia Musicale d'Oggi—Dizionario dei Musicisti*.)

Casella's own compositions, which in the latest period show great harmonic freedom, are intended to exemplify his views. He is, in particular, an admirer of the musical France in which he was brought up. He enjoys special fame as an interpreter of Debussy, and has written much about him. But in the programme of the performance of his *Heroic Elegy* (1917), a Symphonic Poem in memory of the 'Sons of Italy fallen whilst fighting for her greatness', a work which had a poor reception as 'ultra-modern' and 'un-Italian', he wished (but was forbidden) to say that he 'had been inspired by the criteria of the most recent art, of that art which tries to oppose to Impressionism a preoccupation with dynamic energy, sober robustness, and linear firmness.' With these quotations the position of Casella is perhaps sufficiently defined.

Casella's works include a great deal of Piano music and Orchestral music, and some songs and Chamber music.

MALIPIERO

Francesco Malipiero was born in Venice in 1882, and studied at the Conservatoire of Bologna and then in Berlin under Max Bruch. In 1921 he took up his present position as Professor of Composition at the Conservatoire of Parma. He is one of the fiery advance guard of Italian music, and has written a good deal in a polemic way. He is 'modern' in the sense that he scorns tradition of all kinds, harmonic, formal, orchestral, &c. Yet he is intensely Italian in spirit. His stage works are decidedly revolutionary in conception.

BARTÓK

Béla Bartók was born in 1881 at a small place in Hungary (now in Yugoslavia). His parents were keen musical amateurs. At six he began to learn the Piano, under his mother's instruction. At eight the father died, and the mother had to support the family as a school teacher. At ten the boy had come before the local public as a composer, and the mother wanted to secure the advantages of a large town, so moved to Pressburg, then a very active musical

centre. Here good lessons could be taken and concerts and opera performances attended, and there were also opportunities of taking part in the practice of Chamber Music. 'At eighteen', says Bartók, 'I had a tolerable knowledge of musical literature from Bach to Brahms, and of Wagner as far as *Tannhäuser*.'

Bartók.

The young composer's style was at this time greatly influenced by the music of Brahms, and of the somewhat similar-minded Dohnányi, four years his senior. On Dohnányi's advice the Budapest Conservatoire was chosen as the place for further training, and there Bartók stayed until he was twenty-two. He threw himself very ardently at this period into the study of the later Wagner and of Liszt, and for two years did no composition of his own, being regarded by his masters and fellow students as merely a brilliant pianist.

In 1902, when Bartók was twenty-one, he first heard Strauss's Tone-Poem, *Thus spake Zoroaster*: it then horrified older musicians but entranced him. He hastened to study Strauss's works and to begin composition in the new style here suggested. Also, influenced by the strong political-artistic national feeling of the place and time, he began to collect Hungarian folk songs, and wrote a Tone Poem inspired by the life of the national hero, Kossuth, which Hans Richter and the Hallé Orchestra at once performed at Manchester. Other Orchestral and Chamber Music compositions quickly followed, and had fairly wide performance considering the fact that the composer was hitherto unknown.

The Strauss enthusiasm quickly waned, and a renewed period of Liszt study followed. The folk music interest continued, but with a change—Bartók came to realize that the songs usually known as Hungarian folk songs were of but superficial value, whilst all the time, quite unknown to musicians, amongst the genuine peasantry there existed a repertory of much finer and more significant music. In the collection of this music he had a devoted collaborator in the

person of a newly made friend, Zoltán Kodály (see page 128). To the study of Magyar tune was added that of Slovak and Rumanian tune. Few of the melodies collected were in the conventional major and minor scales. The ancient scales, in their variety, though abandoned in serious composition, were still alive. Bartók resolved to use them. Naturally in doing so he found himself bringing into existence new harmonies, and this, in time, led to his gradual abandonment of the existing diatonic system and of the chromatic system based upon it, and to the gradual taking up of a new style in which the twelve notes of the chromatic scale were considered as independent entities, ready to submit to all sorts of unheard-of combinations.

At twenty-six, Bartók was appointed a professor at the Budapest Conservatoire. But his compositions met with great opposition in that city. He persevered in the task he had set himself, however, and continued the energetic collection of the peasant material that had inspired him. Straitened financial resources and the circumstance of the War were an impediment to the wider travels he had in mind, but he got as far as Biskra and made some study of Arab music.

Towards the end of the War the public of Budapest became less hostile to the national composer in their midst. The Pantomime Ballet, *The Wooden Prince*, was heard, and so was the earlier one-act Opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*.

The present notice is closely based on a brief autobiography the composer wrote for a Russian musical paper in (I think) 1924.[1] This concludes:

> Unfortunately this gratifying turn in my affairs was followed by the disturbances of 1918, which lasted for eighteen months and made peaceful devotion to serious work all but impossible. The present state of things does not permit me even to think of continuing to work at musical folk lore. My personal means no longer permit this 'luxury'; moreover the scientific investigation of districts separated from the former Hungary has become impossible on political grounds and on account of mutual animosity. And visits to distant countries are beyond our reach. As for the rest, nowhere in the world does one encounter a genuine interest in this branch of musical science—perhaps as a matter of fact it has

[1] Kindly translated from the Russian for me by my friend, S. W. Pring.

not the importance ascribed to it by some who are fanatically devoted to it.

Bartók's compositions are fairly numerous. They include, in addition to the two stage works already mentioned, three Orchestral Suites and other orchestral music, two String Quartets and two Violin Sonatas, a large number of Piano compositions, and a good many volumes of arrangements of Folk Songs. There are also a great number of collections of Folk-Music scientifically displayed (altogether Bartók has collected about 7,000 tunes), a Piano School, and editions of classical works prepared for students.

KODÁLY

Zoltán Kodály was born the year after his friend and colleague, Bartók, i. e. in 1882. The place was Kecskemét, in Hungary. He studied at the Budapest Conservatoire, and at twenty-four was appointed to its staff as a professor of composition. He has been a very great collector of Hungarian folk-tunes (see under Bartók). He has written a great deal of musical criticism, especially in Budapest papers.

As a composer Kodály is every bit as 'national' as Bartók and every bit as 'modern'—in other words as little bound by the old ideas as to what constitutes 'concord'. He has not been attracted by the Orchestra, but has written a not very great amount of Chamber Music, Piano Music, Songs, &c. A Sonata for 'Cello alone, which exploits perhaps the utmost possibilities of the instrument and of the human hand, has aroused a good deal of interest.

Bartók has expressed the highest opinions of the work of Kodály, which he would, indeed, appear to put before his own.

HONEGGER

Arthur Honegger seems to be much the most promising of a loosely bound Parisian group, which from 1918 onward existed for a few years under the name of 'The Six' (Milhaud, Honegger, Poulenc, Germaine Taillefer, Auric, Durey). He is of Swiss descent and nationality, though born and mainly resident in France, and trained at the Paris Conservatoire. He has composed Chamber Music, Orchestral Music, Songs, Piano Music, &c. Some of his

best known works are the *Summer Pastoral* for small orchestra, the *Pacific No. 231* for large orchestra (a musical treatment of the spirit of the locomotive), the 'mimed symphony' (generally heard as a purely orchestral work) *Horatius Victorious*, and the two dramatic works, *King David* and *Judith*, composed for the folk-theatre at Mézières in Switzerland (1921 and 1924). *King David* has had a remarkable success, being performed in a concert version in Rome, New York, London, and elsewhere. The harmonic style of Honegger usually inclines towards atonality. His texture is usually very contrapuntal. His orchestration is of that 'modern' style in which the orchestral colours 'stand off' rather than merge. In *King David* he alternates movements or passages of harshest dissonance with movements or passages of old-time harmonic flavour and of old-time formality of construction. Honegger seems to have vitality and the power to achieve the vivid, and therein, probably, lies the justification for the hopes of his admirers.

A FINAL CONSIDERATION

XXII

LIFE AND ART IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

(With a further note on 'Expressionism')

The critic should be a quick-change artist, an indiarubber man, a serpent always slipping out of its own skin into that of every other creature, so as to give information from within. (Hermann Bahr.)

I. There is no Art without Life.
II. There is no Life without Growth.
III. There is no Growth without Change.
IV. There is no Change without Controversy.
(Frank Rutter, *Evolution in Modern Art.*)

MUSIC is not an Art to itself, governed entirely by its own self-made laws. It is one of several arts which, though each of them does have its own laws, are all at every moment sensitively responding to the influences of the social life from which they spring.

From this it follows that if we wish fully to understand the art of a period we should know something of the life of that period, and that if we wish to understand the way in which one art is responding to the influence of the life of its period we may be greatly helped by observing the phenomena of development at the same period in another art.

To this proposition may be added another one—that (in the present age, at all events) there is, further, a direct influence of the arts upon one another. The composer Schönberg has been greatly influenced by his close association with the painter Kandinsky and the German Expressionist school generally, and has himself painted Expressionist pictures; and the composer Stravinsky has been greatly influenced by living and working in the same city as the painter Picasso and his Cubist companions, and by his close connexion with the ballet-

motion art of Nijinsky, Massine, and others, and with the ballet-decorative art of Bakst and others.

Development seems now to have come (temporarily or permanently) to a stage at which no one art can live to itself and whatever may have been the case in the days of Bach or Mozart it would now be very unintelligent to study the work of the two great modern schools of composition, which may be roughly described as the School of Schönberg and the School of Stravinsky, without at the same time giving a little clear thought to the schools of painting with which they are allied.

Properly, we should study schools of contemporary poetry in the same way, but one cannot do everything—and this is after all, only a small text-book.

Life in the Twentieth Century

The first thing is to realize that life in the twentieth century is not at all the same thing as life in the nineteenth. We all know that a great change has come about, and yet many of us, when we see artistic phenomena that reflect this change express astonishment.

This is an age of spreading Education. Take England as an example; fifty years ago it had four Universities, now it has twelve, and secondary school education has, of course expanded proportionately.

This is an age of scientific discovery and the wide diffusion of scientific knowledge. It is an age of Machinery; the nineteenth century's great conquest of space has been enormously extended; we can rush along the roads at a speed that in the eighteen-nineties would have alarmed us; we can travel under the sea and in the air; speakers and musical performers can be heard a thousand miles away before their words or tones have even reached the back of the room in which they are uttered. It is an age of the conquest of time; speech and

ECONOMY

Dress in 1926 and in 1905

musical performances can be preserved, so that the speaker or performer is addressing not merely his immediate hearers, but also hearers in all parts of the world, and probably many as yet unborn; similarly the performance of the actor can be repeated after it is over, and can quickly be seen on the screen in cities and villages everywhere.

In Manufactures we have adopted mass production; in War mass destruction—by submarines, bombing from the air, poison gas, tanks, and the rest of the efficient modern apparatus.

In Politics a great upheaval has taken place; frontiers have been adjusted to lines undreamed of; we talk of the self-determination of small nationalities, which implies freedom, and at the same time observe at work in one country a Fascist system and in another a Bolshevist, both of which mean the control of huge bodies of people in response to the pressing of a button at head-quarters; this is only one of the contradictions of modern life, which is full of such contradictions, another being the extension of the franchise in certain countries combined with the direction of the newly freed masses of public opinion by the gathering of the Press into the hands of a few proprietors.

New experiments in government are being tried; two have just been mentioned, and it may be added that Britain in 1924 had its first Labour Government and in 1926 attempted its first General Strike. Lawlessness in some countries has increased. Prohibition has brought 'bootlegging', and in all countries there is a large increase in the traffic in dangerous drugs.

Women are largely freed. Half a century ago they were housewives, or the playthings of their fathers, husbands, and brothers; now they earn their living, vote at elections, and—smoke and drink cocktails. They go where they want, read what they want, and think and say what they want.[1]

[1] In the eighteen-eighties a silk dress used 18 yards of material where

In Religion there are big changes; large bodies of people now go to the extremes of believing all they are told or of believing nothing at all; there is a decline in church-going, yet an increased activity on the part of Christian Scientists, British Israelites, Fundamentalists, High Anglicans, and Spiritualists (throughout this list I am merely registering facts).

Philosophy and psychology are overturned. It seems but a few years since Herbert Spencer's was a great name, and now nobody mentions him; the old ideas as to the workings of the human mind have gone, and we hear of, on the one hand, Jung and Freud and Psycho-Analysis and, on the other, Coué and Auto-Suggestion—two different applications of the new psychology of the subconscious, which psychology has also a very important application to Art.

There is an increased restlessness and a revival of the spirit of adventure. To take an example, both men and women are, in the year this is written (1928), madly competing in the flying of the Atlantic and the swimming of the Channel.

Glancing over this long but very partial list of activities of the day we find that nearly all of them can be classed either as overturnings of well-established mental conceptions or as expressions of a new violence and worship of force, some of them with (this has its bearing on some of the music of the day) a new tolerance of noise. Perhaps the altered mental conceptions represent a new attempt at self-preservation on the part of the spirit of Romance—a new study of emotions, and a new outlet for them; perhaps the increased mechanicalizing of modern life indicates a turning from romance, and a hardening and tightening of the human mind. But it is all very involved, and the historian of the future will have his

in the nineteen-twenties it uses $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. The author assumes that the cost of such a dress has diminished in proportion, but, at all events, the figures are significant of Woman's casting off of all that cumbered her, and a symbol of the movement towards simplification in painting and music. House furniture offers another symbol.

ROMANTICISM

Géricault's Wreck of the Medusa

IMPRESSIONISM

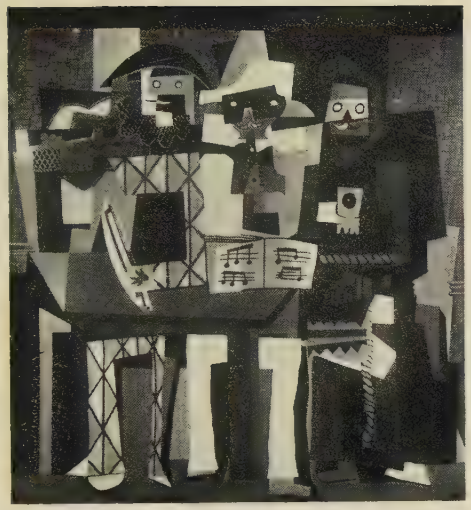
Whistler's Battersea Bridge

EARLY CUBISM

Cézanne's Landscape in Provence

LATER CUBISM

Picasso's Lady in Mantilla



'ORCHESTRATION OF VISION'
Picasso's Three Musicians

EXPRESSIONISM
Kandinsky's Improvisation No. 29

EXPRESSIONISM

Schönberg's Visions

work cut out to classify the trends of thought and life in the first quarter of the twentieth century.

Art expresses Life

One thing is certain; that historian will understand, if we (or some of us) cannot, that these changes necessarily involved a new Art. All Art, to live, must be a revelation; it must throw some new light upon humanity, and when the mind of humanity takes a sudden new direction, Art must become revolutionary. A moment's thought should convince any reader that the artistic conventions of the nineteenth century (and Art is inevitably a matter of conventions, whatever the young artists of any period may think) could not possibly respond to the needs of the twentieth.

The Analogy between Painting and Music

Studying the changes that have, since the late eighteen-sixties or early eighteen-seventies, come about in the pictorial art (which, as already claimed, will help us to understand those that have come about in the musical art), we find them to be, very briefly stated, somewhat as follows:

1. Romantic painting, often, up till then, story-telling in paint, took a new turn—IMPRESSIONISM (Manet, Degas, Pissarro, and others mostly French). As to subject this was now much less often a form of story-telling and much more a representation of phases of nature, and it had much less solidity of appearance, being concerned with colour more than with line, and with light upon objects than with objects themselves.

In music (see pages 11–14) this has a rather close parallel in the work of Debussy.

2. There followed a group of NEO-IMPRESSIONISTS who, whilst still extremely interested in colours, began to seek clearer line drawing, to surround their figures, for instance, with a black line (Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, and others), and to attempt more solidity of representation (Cézanne).

The effort to attain the representation of solidity led to a frequent tendency to an early Cubism. We can either call this group Neo-Impressionists or early Post-Impressionists.

In music the outline drawing has, perhaps, a parallel in the work of Ravel, which tends to a greater distinctness of outline than that of Debussy. Gauguin worked in the South Seas, and set a fashion for exotic subjects, which has some parallel in the influence of barbaric rhythm upon Debussy (to some extent), and (much more strongly) upon the early and middle-period Stravinsky.

3. Matisse, and still more Picasso, began to adopt much more definitely the CUBIST method of attaining an effect of solidity (a three-dimensional effect). There was a departure from all previous conventions here that to many appeared startling and violent. Curves were at a discount, for curves were too soft and graceful and straight lines were 'stronger'.

A kind of parallel is perhaps the (at first hearing equally startling and violent) use of forceful rhythms, heavy chords much repeated, and orchestral colours made to 'stand off' rather than to merge, in Stravinsky and Prokofief, and also some of the younger Frenchmen. The old idea of grace, blend, and smooth shaping has now gone entirely, from much of both music and painting (i.e. so far as the composers and painters were following the line of progress here laid down—there are, of course, always plenty of followers of the old ways, but with them we are not for the moment concerned).

4. Picasso, Braque, and their followers now cast to the winds the very last shreds of old convention. They painted what seems to many of us mere 'puzzle pictures', in which bits of the front, sides, and back of an object were strewn about the canvas. This has been called an 'orchestration of vision'—a combination in simultaneity of different aspects of what we may call the tune or theme. Picasso seems to have considered this a new form of realism. 'It was not realism', he argued, 'to show merely one aspect of an object from one point of view.

The reality included all possible aspects from all possible points of view' (conversation quoted by Rutter in *The Evolution of Modern Art*, page 88), but it soon tended to a form of non-realism or definitely ABSTRACT PAINTING,[1] and some of the younger painters were quickly declaiming against all kinds of illusionism.[2]

The first impression one receives of their work is similar to the first impression one gets of a composition based on the principle of Atonality. One has lost touch with all previous standards.

5. At this point the painters in question approached very near the German EXPRESSIONIST school, which paints not what it sees with eyes turned outwards, but what it sees with eyes turned inwards.

Most of this Expressionist painting tends to the production of a pattern: it is a sort of new Classicism, the emphasis being again on design. This suggests a parallel with Stravinsky's latest phase (see page 116).

Other of it conveys a mental state (e.g. one or two of Kandinsky's 'Compositions', based on *motifs* of cannon and bursting shells, which vividly express the war-emotion); this presumably is supposed to have a parallel in the musical work of Kandinsky's friend Schönberg.

There are other designs of a more formal kind, too, but Kandinsky generally manages to convey (or fails to avoid conveying) some touch of romantic feeling, and in this he resembles Schönberg.

Undoubtedly both Painters and Composers are suffering

[1] 'Abstract' sculpture also exists.

[2] A somewhat different explanation of these 'puzzle pictures' is: 'Starting from a single natural object, Picasso and the Cubists produce lines and project angles till their canvasses are covered with intricate and often very beautiful series of balanced lines and curves. They persist, however, in giving them picture titles which recall the natural object from which their minds first took flight' (Michael Sadleir, in the Introduction to Kandinsky's *The Art of Spiritual Harmony*).

from an overdose of theory, and the result is, in many cases, the production of a 'puzzle picture' or a 'puzzle quartet', that wins the approval of no big public, but of only a small group of people who dare to maintain they see what the painter or composer is 'driving at', and when they do maintain this often carry little conviction.

One idea that opponents of their art should put resolutely out of mind is that the advanced 'modernist' painter is a charlatan who would draw and paint if he could, and since he cannot, makes 'puzzle pictures' to bluff the public. There are charlatans in every art, of course, but a glance through any volume of Picasso's work[1] will be sufficient to throw doubt upon that theory so far as it concerns one of the leaders of the movement. Not only will he be seen to have produced a large amount of accomplished work in what most of my readers probably still think of as the normal style, but he will be seen to have produced examples both of this style and of the extreme modernist style in the same year. Evidently he knows perfectly well what he is doing—whether he be thought by us to be right or wrong in doing it.

Probably the same thing is true of the Picassos of music. In early days Stravinsky wrote a quite effective Symphony of the old type, and much in the old harmonic idiom, so presumably he could do so still; and Schönberg's early works showed, to say the least, the full possession of the regulation German Romantic technique.

It may be added that the best Cubists think themselves merely the Primitives of a new art, and in this they resemble Stravinsky in his latest phase, in which, he says, he is attempting something he himself may not fully achieve though he hopes that others who follow him will do so.

[1] For example, Maurice Raynal's *Picasso*, which has 100 reproductions (Crès, Paris), Schürer's *Picasso*, which has 14 reproductions (Berlin, Klinkhard and Biermann), or Waldemar George's *Picasso*, which has 32 reproductions (Rome, 'Valori Plastici').

Expressionism

Some special treatment of the subject of Expressionism seems called for in view of the declared intention of the Schönberg school to serve as its musical representatives.

A good brief German definition (and Expressionism is German in origin) is that of the familiar Brockhaus *Lexikon*, which can be freely translated as follows:

> Expressionism is that direction in present-day art (since about 1912) which strives to express the inner experience instead of impressions of the outer world, being now inspired by a melancholy temperament, now by religious mysticism, now by the wish for abstract construction.
>
> Expressionism is found as much in the plastic arts as in music and poetry; it is influenced always by the material of the art (colour, line, surfaces, sounds, rhythms), and always works by means of them, awakening or increasing feelings but not imitating Nature. Expressionism develops itself as the contrary of Impressionism [in view of the usual specialized use of this last word it would be better to say 'as the contrary of every form of realism' or 'of representation'], with a recognized revolutionary character and as a European movement. Yet, even in the art of primitive folk, near to Nature, as in the Gothic, Baroque, and other epochs of artistic creation, various examples are found.
>
> Leaders of Expressionism in the plastic arts are the Germans Pechstein, Nolde, and Marc, the Frenchmen Henry Rousseau and Matisse, the Norwegian Munch, and the Russians Kandinsky, Chagale, and Archipenko (Sculptor) [a list of Expressionist poets follows].
>
> In music Expressionism is especially led by A. Schönberg, who in his composition and manner of instrumentation casts off all rules, thereby to win a complete freedom for his musical expression. Schreker and his school also follow this direction.

It is impossible here to discuss everything that is stated or implied in this description. The main point, obviously, is that the Expressionist artist paints not what he outwardly sees, but what he sees in his mind's eye and what he feels. As

Hermann Bahr, the great apologist for Expressionism, puts it (ignoring those alleged early instances referred to in the dictionary description just quoted), 'All that has hitherto been the aim of painting, since painting first began, is now denied, and something is striven for that has never yet been attempted.'[1]

That last claim may be true of painting, but it is not true of music. That the painter should attempt a direct expression of his emotions, or a direct reproduction of forms that have shaped themselves within his mind,[2] may be new, but this is, surely, exactly what the composer has always done. The composer has had no model in nature for his symphony or fugue; he has always directly expressed his own emotions and his own tone-shapes, only rarely, in a few crude passages (like that of Strauss's sheep; see page 37), imitating nature. Thus we must willingly admit that Schönberg is an Expressionist, but add—surely so are all other composers!

We may even quote Bahr himself in support of this contention:

> On what does the whole effect of music rest? The tones do not reach the composer from without. He does not hear the world, he hears himself, his soul sounds within him. . . . The sound which the ear produces as soon as it receives the inner movement is stored up by the artist, so that later he may conduct it outwardly to our ear, and through it to our soul. From within the artist to his ear, then the tone here produced fixed in a symbol, this symbol again translated

[1] Bahr, *Expressionism*, translated by R. T. Gribble. Henderson, 5*s*.

[2] Critics writing of plays (but it applies all round) have spoken of Expressionism as 'the objectivization of the subjective', e.g. Mr. A. D. Peters in the *Daily Telegraph*: 'The scene in *Macbeth* where the ghost of Banquo appears and is visible to Macbeth and to no one else, is Expressionism. Here you have the objectivization of the subjective made intensely dramatic, and its power lies mainly in the appearance of Macbeth's embodied thought amongst a group of ordinary people who cannot see it and do not understand. Shakespeare might have shown Macbeth grappling alone with his thought. But, being Shakespeare, he did not.'

by instruments into vibrations, these, sounding in the ears of listeners, the tones seizing the listener's soul—this is the path of music from soul to soul.

And Bahr pertinently sums up the whole attempt of the Expressionist painters in the words—'What the painters of the newest tendency strive after is, so to say, music for the eyes' (which reminds one of Pater's saying about all the arts ever striving to attain the condition of music, in other words, to attain what Bahr calls a direct path 'from soul to soul').

It may be asked then, what do the German Painter-Expressionists (like Kandinsky [1]) mean by claiming their friend Schönberg as a Composer-Expressionist, and one of their number?

The answer is that they probably sense in him (or think they do) an attempt to express more of the real inner man than did previous Romantic composers, the expression of whose Romanticism had tended to base itself upon a group of accepted melodic and harmonic formulae. In that case they would probably claim Scriabin as equally an Expressionist, and indeed he has been so claimed.

They probably admire in Schönberg the readiness to cast aside previously existing melodic and harmonic clichés and orchestral flavours, and, at times, previously existing musical forms, and (ignoring the fact that some composers whom they do not claim as Expressionists have been just as iconoclastic) to see in this an evidence of the direct expression of the soul.

Perhaps, too, there is sometimes in Schönberg's work a hint of the revelation of feelings usually hidden unless brought to light in the clinic of the psycho-analyst—of an unashamed uncovering of the darker deeds of the sub-conscious. Expressionistic plays much resemble dreams, and perhaps there is a dream quality about some of Schönberg's music. Probably

[1] Kandinsky is Russian by birth, but his artistic life has been spent in Germany, and Expressionism was originally a Munich movement.

the 'Vision' paintings of Schönberg (of which one is here reproduced) have done something to qualify him for enrolment in the ranks of the Expressionists, and still more probably certain of his dramatic texts written by himself.

That is as far as the present writer can, at the present moment, go in the exposition of Schönberg and the Schönbergians and their Expressionism in music. To him (taking a rather narrower definition than Hermann Bahr and some of the other German writers) Expressionism, being an attempt at the direct revelation in art of the 'happenings of the soul', is thus a present-day off-shoot of the old Romantic Movement. That is one reason why he has included Schönberg in the chapter upon the Neo-Romantics, whilst he has placed Stravinsky in the chapter on the Anti-Romantics. But, of course, classification is always very relative.

If there are errors in his attempt first to understand and then to expound Expressionism he apologizes. He has done his best to grasp the arguments of its protagonists, but one of the very leaders of these, Bahr himself, says, 'I cannot deny that I never feel quite comfortable when Expressionists begin to theorize. They are fond of speaking in a fog.'

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX I

FURTHER READING

UPON THE COMPOSERS DISCUSSED IN THIS BOOK

The following list is thought to include all worthy books on the various composers in the English language and in print on December 1, 1928. One or two out-of-print books are included for special reasons, a clear indication ('O.P.') being given of such. It must be remembered that on every composer mentioned there will be found articles in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (Macmillan, 1927–8, 5 vols., each 30*s.*) and of most or all the later ones in *A Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians* (Dent, 1924, 35*s.*); only one or two such articles are mentioned in this list. It may be pointed out that Eric Blom's *General Index to Modern Musical Literature* (Curwen, 5*s.*, 1927) gives a very comprehensive account of British published books and magazine articles on the various composers. A useful book giving information on musical literature in the German language up to the date of its publication is Abert's *Handbuch der Musikliteratur* (Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig, 1922). Far more literature on music is now appearing in every country than ever before, but a good many gaps still remain, especially as concerns literature in the English language.

BANTOCK

Anderton, *Granville Bantock* (Lane, 3*s.* 6*d.*).

BAX

Anon., *Arnold Bax* (One of the 'Miniature Essays', Chester, 6*d.*).

DEBUSSY

Liebich, *Claude-Achille Debussy* (Lane, 1908, 3*s.* 6*d.*).

Daly, *Debussy—A Study in Modern Music* (Methuen Simpson, Edinburgh, 1908, 2*s.*).

Shera, *Debussy and Ravel* (Oxford University Press, 1*s.* 6*d.*).

Vallas, tranlated by M. O'Brien. *The Theories of Claude Debussy*. (Oxford University Press, 6*s.* 6*d.*)

Debussy (translated). *Monsieur Croche, the Dilettante Hater*. (Noel Douglas, 6*s.*)

DELIUS

Heseltine, *Frederick Delius* (Lane, 1923, 6*s.*).

ELGAR

Buckley, *Sir Edward Elgar* (Lane, 1912, 3*s.* 6*d.*).

Newman, *Elgar* (Lane, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 1906). Only discussion of his works, no biography. It is much to be wished that this book might be brought up to date.

Mason, *Contemporary Composers* (Macmillan, 10*s.*). A forty-page sketch.

DE FALLA

Anon., *de Falla* (One of the ' Miniature Essays ', Chester, 6*d.*).

FRANCK

D'Indy, translated by Newmarch, *César Franck* (Lane, 1920, 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Hinton, *César Franck: Some Personal Reminiscences* (Reeves, 2*s.*).

Rosenfeld, *Musical Portraits* (Kegan Paul, 10*s.* 6*d.*). A sixteen-page sketch.

Mason, *From Grieg to Brahms* (Macmillan, 10*s.*). A forty-page sketch.

Colles, *The Growth of Music*, vol. iii (Oxford University Press, 3*s.* 6*d.*). Gives a brief treatment.

D'INDY

Rolland, *Musicians of To-day* (Kegan Paul, 4*s.* 6*d.*). A twenty-five page sketch.

Mason, *Contemporary Composers* (Macmillan, 10*s.*). A seventy-page sketch.

IRELAND

Anon., *John Ireland* (One of the ' Miniature Essays ', Chester, 6*d.*).

MACDOWELL

Gilman, *Edward MacDowell, A Study* (Lane, 1919, 7*s.* 6*d.*).

MacDowell, *Verses* (Elkin, 3*s.*). Collected from the title-pages, &c., of his compositions.

MacDowell, *Critical and Historical Essays* (Schmidt, Boston, 1912).

MEDTNER

Montagu-Nathan, *History of Russian Music.* (Reeves, 8*s.* 6*d.*). Brief treatment.

RAVEL

Shera, *Debussy and Ravel* (Oxford University Press, 1*s.* 6*d.*).

Rosenfeld, *Musical Portraits* (Kegan Paul, 10*s.* 6*d.*). A fifteen-page sketch.

Jean-Aubry, *French Music of To-day* (Kegan Paul, 4*s.* 6*d.*).

SCHÖNBERG

Wellesz, translated by Kerridge, *Arnold Schönberg* (Dent, 6*s*.).

SCRIABIN

Swan, *Scriabin* (Lane, 1923, 6*s*.).

Hull, *A Great Russian Tone-Poet—Scriabin* (Kegan Paul, 1916, 4*s*. 6*d*.). Unfortunately many errors, largely due to imperfect translation from original sources.

Montagu-Nathan, *Handbook to the Piano Works of A. Scriabin* (Chester, 6*d*.).

Rosenfeld, *Musical Portraits* (Kegan Paul, 10*s*. 6*d*.). A twelve-page sketch.

SIBELIUS

Newmarch, *Jean Sibelius* (Breitkopf & Härtel, 1906, O.P.). Does not include later works.

Rosenfeld, *Musical Portraits* (Kegan Paul, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

Anon., *Jean Sibelius* (one of the 'Miniature Essays', Chester 6*d*.).

SMYTH

Smyth, *Impressions that Remained*, 2 vols. (Longmans, 6*s*. each).

Smyth, *Streaks of Life* (Longmans, 6*s*.).

Smyth, *A Final Burning of Boats* (Longmans, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

All these books are autobiographical. There is another book, with little reference to music, *A Three-legged Tour in Greece* (Longmans, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

STRAUSS

Newman, *Richard Strauss* (Lane, 1908, 3*s*. 6*d*.). Unfortunately does not include latest works.

Mason, *Contemporary Composers* (Macmillan, 10*s*.). A fifty-page study.

Rosenfeld, *Musical Portraits* (Kegan Paul, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

Rolland, *Musicians of To-day* (Kegan Paul, 4*s*. 6*d*.).

STRAVINSKY

Montagu-Nathan, *History of Russian Music* (Reeves, 8*s*. 6*d*.).

Rosenfeld, *Musical Portraits* (Kegan Paul, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

Anon., *Igor Stravinsky* (one of the 'Miniature Essays', Chester, 6*d*.).

WOLF

Newman, *Hugo Wolf* (Methuen, 1907). Very thorough and extremely laudatory. This is now out of print, but can be seen at libraries.

APPENDIX II

THE TWO FRANCES IN MUSIC

M. Rolland in his *Musicians of To-day*, concluding an essay on Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande*, says that foreigners who wish to penetrate France's genius will have to study this Opera 'as they would study Racine's *Bérénice*'. Then he continues:

> Not that Debussy's art, any more than Racine's, suffices to represent the French genius. There is quite another side to this genius, which is in no wise represented here: it is heroic action, mental intoxication [*l'ivresse de la raison*], laughter, the passion for the light, the France of Rabelais, of Molière, of Diderot, and, in music, shall we say (for want of better), the France of Berlioz and Bizet. To tell the truth, it is this that I prefer. But God forbid that I should disavow the other! It is the equilibrium of these two Frances that makes the French genius. In our contemporary music, *Pelléas and Mélisande* is at the one pole of our art, *Carmen* at the other pole. *Carmen*, all external, all light, all life, without shadows, without mystery [*sans dessous*]. The other, all occult [*intérieure*], all bathed in twilight, all shrouded in silence. It is this dual ideal, it is these alternations of pure sunshine and light cloud, that make the sweet, luminous, yet veiled sky of the Isle-of-France.

APPENDIX III

STRAVINSKY ON 'MUSIC ITSELF'

The following is a note of a conversation of the Author with Stravinsky in July, 1921. It was written out at the time and checked and revised by Stravinsky.

As a question of the connexion between the ballet action and the music of the various stage works has often been raised in the British Press, I asked Stravinsky to explain the nature of that connexion. He put it like this—'I have never tried, in my stage works, to make the music illustrate the action, or the action the music; I have always endeavoured to find an architectural basis of connexion. I produce "music itself". Whenever "music itself" is not the aim, music suffers.

'This brings us to the question of extra-musical emotion. For instance, Beethoven's works are never purely musical in their construction; his form is always dialectic, influenced by the philosophical

constructions of Hegel. Wagner commits the same sin, influenced for his part by Schopenhauer, and so with all the Germans!'

'And what of Mozart?'

'Ah, Mozart was not a German! We are talking of Bonn, and Berlin, and Hamburg—not of Vienna.'

'And Bach?'

'Well, he stands apart, doesn't he? Bach belongs to the earlier half of the eighteenth century, and, moreover, properly speaking, he is not a representative of secular music.'

'Understand', added Stravinsky, 'that this idea which I have just expressed is not one which underlies merely my most recent music. I have always felt the same. I have never made "applied music" of any kind. Even in the early days, in the *Fire Bird*, I was concerned with a purely *musical* construction. The only forms which are worth anything are those which flow [*découlent*] from the musical *material* itself. We have wind instruments, stringed instruments, percussion instruments, and the human voice—there is our material. From the actual use of these materials the form should arise.'

'Will you explain in a little more detail what you mean by "pure music"? Some people seem to be puzzled at the music you so describe having subjects, such as *The Rite of Spring*, or *The Nightingale*, or *Renard*.'

'Well, suppose I am a painter. I paint, say, a portrait of a lady in *toilette de bal*, with her jewels. My portrait resembles the person painted. None the less, it is painted for the pleasure of painting, despite its subject. Or I paint a picture of a street fight. The fight is my pretext for the picture, but the painting of it may be pure painting. The same thing applies to all my works. In *The Rite of Spring*, for instance, the pretext of the pre-historic birth of spring has suggested to me the construction of the work that I have called *The Rite of Spring*. The "pretext" I choose is but a pretext, like the painter's pretext for painting. If any one objects, and prefers anecdote in a simple musical monument, they are surely in their mental infancy.'

'The *Rite* exists as a piece of music, first and last. Two different choreographies have been adapted to it, the earlier by Nijinsky, the later by Massine. The choreographic construction of Nijinsky, being of great plastic beauty, was, however, subjected to the tyranny of the bar; that of Massine is based on phrases each composed of several bars. This is the sense in which is conceived the free connexion of the choreographic construction with the musical construction.'[1]

[1] E. E. dissenting from some of my remarks in Chapter XX, comments as follows:—

'The conversation you append to your history seems to me so clear

APPENDIX IV

POLYTONALITY AND ATONALITY

The following explanation of these harmonic phases, which originally appeared in the *Observer,* is here reprinted from the Author's *Crotchets—a Few Short Musical Notes*, by kind permission of Messrs. John Lane.

I. Polytonality

There must be a good many people who are still asking themselves 'Whence and Whither?' They are aware of the need for patience with 'modern music'. They know they cannot at once hope to grasp the whole purport of music fashioned upon a new system (and for many 'The Rite' is still that), but, as every new style recorded in the history of music has grown out of an earlier one, and led to a later one, they would like some convinced modernist to relate to them his ancestry and forecast his posterity, for the experience of apparently unrelated phenomena is always disturbing. After their

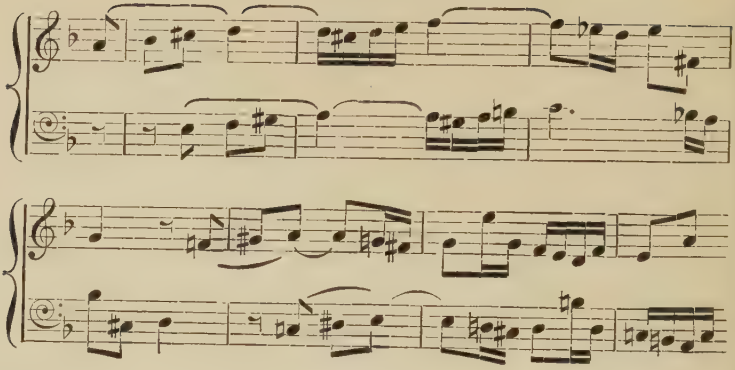
and so logical that anybody not hampered with preconceived notions will understand it. It is a matter, not of opinion, but of recorded fact, that the second tableau of *Petroushka* was originally a concert piece, unnamed, for piano and orchestra. The title came later. There is unfortunately no similar record concerning the *Sacre*, but I was in close touch with Stravinsky in those days and I *know* that, but for the accident of Diaghilef requiring a ballet, it would have been a symphony. The oldest portion of it (the *Danse Sacrale* at the end) was written before *Petroushka*, and conceived as the finale to a symphonic work.

Stravinsky has always been obsessed with construction. And construction must inevitably tend to abstract music. Despite his great skill in harmony, in instrumentation and in rhythm, he was always at heart a contrapuntist, and contrapuntists always care more for their construction than their material. That is the reason why, many years ago, before there were any signs of his present tendency, I wrote in an American paper something to the effect that: "Just as a certain type of intellect seems inevitably destined to find an ultimate haven in the Roman Catholic Church, Stravinsky is fated in the long run to seek a refuge with Bach." I leave it to you to decide whether I was a true prophet.'

failure to make themselves clear on the æsthetic side, on which I have already commented, can the modernists at least make themselves clear on the technical? Well, Milhaud, in an article, 'Polytonalité et Atonalité', in a recent issue of the admirable *Revue Musicale* (3, Rue de Grenelle, Paris VI^e.), succeeds in giving a pretty plain exposition of two phases of the 'modernist' harmony, showing how they have evolved by perfectly logical processes out of the previously accepted system, and hinting, at the end of his article, at the nature of the further growth which is inevitable. He classes modernist harmony under two heads, 'Polytonality', or simultaneous use of different keys, and 'Atonality', or entire absence of key. I here summarize briefly his treatment of the one phase, and will do the same in my next chapter for his treatment of the other.

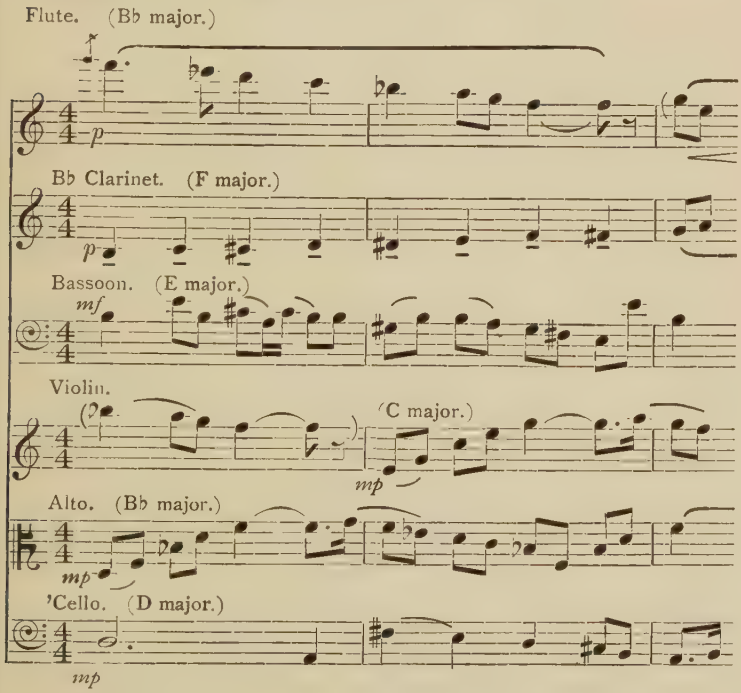
The harmony in which we were brought up was for the most part diatonic, that is to say, the notes making up a chord, or the 'parts' woven together into a contrapuntal fabric, all belonged to a definite (major or minor) key, and of keys there were twenty-four (twelve major and twelve minor). Necessarily, however, the music passed, from time to time, from one key into another. The admission that succession of key, or 'modulation', was acceptable inevitably implied, says Milhaud, that, at some later stage, superposition of key ('Polytonality') would also be found equally acceptable. This hardly seems to follow, but the writer has omitted a stage in the argument, of a hint as to which I will make him a present. For thousands of years only unisonous (and octave) singing was tolerated, i. e. only succession of notes; then, at last, the practice of harmonic singing grew up, i. e., superposition of notes. Apply this, by analogy, and the missing link in the argument is, I think, supplied. Since, a thousand years ago, we began to pass from Homophony to Polyphony and accomplished the process successfully, there seems no reason why we should not similarly pass from Homotonality to Polytonality.

An astute suggestion is made by Milhaud to the effect that the device of 'canon' sometimes pointed to a polytonal future for music. Here, for instance, is the opening of a Bach strict canon, at the interval of the fourth:



Read the upper part of this without reference to the lower; it is in the key of D minor—modulating to G minor and A minor (its Subdominant and Dominant). Read the lower part without reference to the upper; it is in A minor, modulating to D minor and E minor (*its* Subdominant and Dominant). There, then (when the piece is *contrapuntally considered*), is a specimen of Polytonality—with Bach appearing as an eighteenth-century Milhaud-modernist. Now read the two parts together and see how Bach has, as a matter of fact (the piece being *harmonically considered*), skilfully evaded Polytonality, his lower part supplying harmonies to the upper, somewhat different from what one, at first sight of the former, felt to be the natural ones, harmonies in which both parts can share, in a reasonable spirit of give and take, without parting company into different keys. This, then, is in one sense Polytonality avoided rather than accepted; or, as one may say, listened to strictly horizontally, the piece is polytonal; listened to perpendicularly, it is monotonal.

What are called appoggiaturas, accented passing notes and suspensions, supply Milhaud with another argument, pretty obvious and by no means unfamiliar. At one period in history ears would stand only unison-singing, or, as an Irishman might say, one-note chords; next they tolerated two- and three-note chords, consisting of the simplest and most natural intervals (the third and the fifth); then they began to tolerate certain four-note chords (such, for instance, as the dominant seventh or certain 'suspensions'). So far,

all the notes of a chord had been in the one key, but soon it became common to insert in a chord a note borrowed from another key, provided it quickly merged into its 'resolution'. Cut out the resolution and you have Stravinskyism, Satieism, Milhaudism—all of which, a purist might say, enforces the Sunday-school lesson of the danger of small steps in the wrong direction. Our dilemma is that if we decide to follow this purist we shall, to be logical, have to make an effort to thrust ourselves back into fifth-century unisonous singing, or, indeed, into (literally) monotonous chant; whilst, on the other hand, if we elect to act upon the Milhaud theory, we must, equally logically, in time pass into a condition where anything is possible, almost the position, by the way, where he wishes us to be, as illustrated by this example of his own writing:

Other arguments I can only briefly mention. They are drawn

from (*a*) the device of pedal, with modulations above it, as found commonly in the classics; (*b*) chords such as that of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth (here Milhaud, without knowing it, adopts the old 'Day theory', in which some of us who used Macfarren's Harmony were brought up—i. e., he considers such chords as being combinations of two different chords). And so on. It is all very alarming, as strict logic often is. But dare we say 'Down with logic'? Up to the present there is seen to have been a very strict logic governing the development of music, and it is probable that we cannot escape it.

II. Atonality

In the previous chapter I briefly discussed Milhaud's argument, based upon historical precedent, as to the propriety of Polytonality (or simultaneity of key), a principle which governs the harmonic structure of a good deal of music to-day. I need hardly say that no argument, however logical, can justify a piece of music; the music has to justify itself, but if the argument is sound it should have the effect of inducing us to exercise greater patience than we might otherwise have done, and so to give the music a chance of making its own appeal. To a musician who has several times heard Ravel's Sonata for Violin and 'Cello, the Sonata probably becomes, in itself, an argument in favour of Polytonality, but until he has heard it several times it is quite possible that he may need to apply some logical argument about Polytonality in favour of the Sonata. History shows that composers do not as a rule first theorize as to harmonic systems, and then carry out their theories; rather they subconsciously feel their way towards new harmonic systems and then go on to discovery of the principles of these. That is precisely what is now occurring in the case of Polytonality and Atonality; they are systems already in active being, and the process of explanation and theoretical justification, which began some years since, is now working itself out pretty clearly. There will be written reams of thoroughly bad Polytonic and Atonic music, as there have been written reams of thoroughly bad Diatonic music. What we are interested in for the moment is not the value of the music but the

soundness of the system. But in listening to the music, to-morrow or next day, it should be the other way about.

Having shown how Polytonality grew out of Homotonality by a perfectly natural evolution (canon, accented passing notes, pedals, &c.), Milhaud proceeds to show us how Atonality is already growing out of Polytonality. The argument is, briefly, this. Two or more perfectly regular diatonic melodies superposed, each going its way regardless of the other, produce a harmonic effect of Polytonality; horizontally considered, the music is diatonic, perpendicularly considered, it is rarely so. Some few of the chords produced by the coincidence of the notes of these diatonic melodies may also, by accident, be normal diatonic chords, assignable to one key or another, and when this happens the effect is momentarily diatonic, otherwise the result is chromatic. The diatonic is the accident, the chromatic the rule, and Polytonality is thus harmonically a chromatic system. Presumably, if our ears were sufficiently trained to the appreciation of the effects, we should feel the two systems in use at one time, the one in each separate part, the other in their combination, and this is probably what happens with a genuine polytonic composer; indeed, to him the pleasure of his music probably consists largely in the agreeable conflict thus introduced. Obviously the kind of listening required is an extension of the kind of listening required for the appreciation of a Byrd madrigal or a Bach fugue—the perception, so to speak, of warp and woof at one glance. Now, chromaticism knows no key. The series D, D sharp, E, F, F sharp, for instance, is no more in any one key than in any other, whether it be used melodically or harmonically, and a good deal of Polytonality being harmonically chromatic, it is a small step deliberately to make the separate parts or voices or strands also chromatic, taking our separate melodies or parts from the keyless system. This done, we have something like a complete Atonality, or absence of key, the only reservation being that even now, by pure accident (or the merciful hand of Providence) a combination here or there may be a recognizable 'chord' of the old system, though, even in this case, two such chords, assignable to the same key, are little likely to occur in sequence, so that no key effect is set up, and we have complete Atonality.

For the practice of Polytonality, Milhaud gives simple but ingenious tables showing the combinations possible. Superposing all other possible major chords upon that of C major, we have obviously eleven combinations. Superposing all possible minor chords on it we have eleven more. Superposing all the major chords on the chord of C minor we have another set of eleven, and superposing all the minor chords upon it still another set. This makes forty-four Polytonic chords upon the one note C. As the same process can be repeated over C sharp, D, &c., the forty-four can be multiplied by eleven = 484. Then come in the 'inversions' of all these chords, but already I tire of arithmetic, whilst when it comes to the combinations possible by superposition of three chords of four (and these not necessarily simple 'common chords', but also chords of the seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, &c.), I 'reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man and am at my wit's end'. And if all this is done in the green wood of Polytonality, what shall be done in the dry of Atonality? Presumably a senior wrangler would make short work of the little sum called for, but its prospect leaves me staring wild-eyed into infinity.

Then comes the troubling question (and Milhaud never really faces it)—Will all this variety of resource give us, in practice, greater variety of effect? For the ear, to enjoy, has to classify; classification is, with the ordinary listener, subconscious, of course, but none the less it goes on. Then, of course, one not only classifies single chords, feeling them as major, minor, diminished, &c., but 'progressions' of two chords as dominant to tonic, tonic to subdominant, major to minor, and minor to major, and so forth. Is any such classification possible to our ears under the limitless new dispensation, and if not, shall we not simply experience a vague nondescript effect, one 'chord' being very like another, and one progression like another? What will be the composer's own method of selection of his effects?

Then how, in the wonderful days that are coming, will students in composition be trained? It is all very well for Milhaud to talk airily of 'complementary studies':

> Polytonality and Atonality are not arbitrary systems. They are, the one a development from diatonic harmony and counterpoint, the other a development from chromatic harmony and counter

point, and ought to be made the object of complementary technical studies.

How are these studies to be carried out? All that he proposes is obviously lawful. But when, from precedent to precedent the bounds of freedom have been broadened down to this extent, any one can do anything, and nobody can say him nay. Which is all very right and proper, but art necessarily implying selection, a principle for the selection will have to be first felt and next discovered. Milhaud seems to imply a safeguard in a sort of *canto fermo* system:

> The factor which will determine the Polytonic or Atonic character of a work will be much less the process of its composition ['le procédé d'écriture'—I don't quite follow] than the essential melody which will come from the 'heart' alone of the musician. It is the absolute and organic necessity of the initial melody which will prevent the progressions ('procédés') from congealing into a system otherwise still-born. The whole life of a work will depend upon nothing else than the melodic invention of its composer, and Polytonality and Atonality will do nothing more than furnish him with a vaster field, richer means of composition, a more expressive and complex scale, wherewith to employ his sensibility, his imagination, and his fancy.

All very fine and large—especially the latter! And, after this, what next? Why, of course, a quarter-tone system, composition in which has already begun. And, after that—well, let us hope the resources here laid out for use will last our lifetime. Posterity must look out for itself!

APPENDIX V

COMPOSITION IN QUARTER-TONES AND OTHER MICROTONES

There is at the present moment a limited movement going on towards a use in composition of intervals smaller than the semitone (down to the sixteenth of a tone—theoretically at any rate!). The following composers are known to the present author as having engaged in experiments in this direction.

Alois Haba, a Moravian, born in 1893. Trained in Vienna

and Berlin, now resident in Prague. He has written quarter-tone works for String Quartet and small Orchestra and also for a Quarter-Tone Harmonium, and a Quarter-Tone Piano. He has published a book on the subject of microtonal composition,[1] and many articles.

R. H. Stein. A German, born in 1882; an author on philosophical and musical subjects, and the composer of quarter-tone music and magazine articles on the subject. He has had prepared a Quarter-Tone Piano and a Quarter-Tone Clarinet, and has written for both.

Carrillo (or Carillo—variously spelt apparently), a Mexican composer, born in 1875. Mr. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra writes, 'One of the most mature experiments in this direction is the music of Carrillo, the Mexican composer. He has composed music based on quarter, eighth and sixteenth of tones, he has constructed instruments to play this music; a new system of notation was necessary to write it, this he has invented—a notation simple, brief, and of mathematical precision. I have studied this music with Mr. Carrillo, and find that its inner construction is true to itself: beneath an apparent complexity lie simplicity and a fabric of well-balanced tonal relations. Personally I must make a great effort of mental and oral concentration in listening to it, or I overlook much of its subtlety of tone-combination. Mr. Carrillo claims no more for it than that it is an experiment and an attempt at a new departure, and it is in that sense that we present it to the public. It is a voyage to an unknown land of infinitely rich new possibilities which so far have been very little developed.' (Philadelphia Orchestra Programme, March 1927.)

J. H. Foulds. Born at Manchester in 1880. Has used quarter-tones and also third-tones in orchestral music. (See reference later to his wife.)

A Quarter-Tone Piano was exhibited at the Frankfort Music Exhibition in 1927. Microtonic keyboard instruments have, however, often been constructed in the past, the difficulty being not to make them but to play them—with only ten fingers. Instruments of the 'Pianola' type would seem to offer the proper means of producing quarter-tone music.[2]

[1] *Neue Harmonielehre, des Diatonischen, Chromatischen, Viertel-, Drittel-, Sechstel-, und Zwölftel-Tonsystem* (Kistner & Siegel, Leipzig).

[2] Previous to the introduction of Equal Temperament, keyboard in-

Logically, one would imagine that the use of intervals smaller than a semitone must in time come into music, and the logic of the matter was recognized long ago. Christopher Simpson, in his *Compendium of Practical Musick* (1667), says:

> 'Some do fancy that, as the Diatonick scale is made more elegant by a mixture of the Chromatick; so likewise it might be bettered by help of the Enharmonic Scale.'

He is sceptical about the vocal use of microtones, however:

> 'As to their use in Practical Musick, I am yet to seek. For I do not conceive how a natural voice can Ascend or Descend by such minute Degrees, and hit them right in tune.'

To this we can now reply that the thing has been done. In 1926 Maud McCarthy (Mrs. J. H. Foulds—see above) broadcast a lecture on the Music of India, and in its course sang up and down the Hindu scale of twenty-two notes. The present writer tested her by his piano as she started, as she reached the top, and as she returned to her first note, and can testify that she was exactly in tune. The Hindu system does not employ all these notes in any one tune, but makes a selection from them. For an explanation see A. H. Fox-Strangway's excellent article on *Indian Music*, in the 1927–8 edition of Grove's *Dictionary*.

The problem is, however, not merely the performance of Quarter-Tones (many vocalists and string players are even clever enough habitually to produce such without ever knowing they are doing it!), but the recognition of them by the listener. Mr. Stokowski alludes to his own difficulty above, and there are few Stokowski ears in an average audience.

Perhaps by the time a later edition of this volume appears the Microtone experiments of Haba and others may have come into the field of practical politics, and in that case they shall receive a fuller treatment. The object of this book, as stated in the Introduction to

struments were sometimes constructed with optional notes to allow of a greater variety of modulation without bad effect, e.g. Smith's organ in the Temple Church, London, built in 1684, had notes both for E flat and D sharp and A flat and G sharp. Zarlino had more than a century earlier invented a keyboard of nineteen notes to the octave.

the first volume, is to help the music lover to a historical understanding of what he is likely to meet in the concert room, &c., and very little intentional microtonic music is yet to be heard.

Most people at present are probably in the position of Christopher Simpson two-and-a-half centuries since:

> 'I am slow to believe that any good musick (especially in many parts) can be composed by Quarter-Tones, although I hear much talk of it.'[1]

APPENDIX VI

ON THE TWO EXTREMES IN THE ATTITUDE TO MODERN ART

The following extracts from Hermann Bahr[2] surely show an admirable impartiality. In them the two attitudes that hinder the acceptance of new styles and ideals in Art are equally condemned. The titles I have attached to the passages are my own:

I. The Old Philistine

People who for the last twenty years have been accustomed to trust my opinion of Artists are now furious with me, because I endeavour to understand Expressionism. To them this seems anathema! It is amusing, though in rather a sardonic way, to watch them fling about the same arguments which twenty years ago, when they were still young, their elders used against them. They do not notice that they are the old folk now. I, however, mean to remain young, at least in this, that I cannot yet get myself to believe that the world must suddenly come to a standstill. It is curious how every one will allow history to develop only as far as his own arrival on the scene; it may grow and develop only up to his birth. Its whole aim from the beginning seems to have been only to produce him, and once this object is attained history is to progress no more. That it should still dare to proceed, and to advance even beyond him, seems scandalous. And here we are wrangling as to which of us is really the traitor. I accuse them of having been unfaithful to their youthful tradition, which emphatically demanded its own individual expression: a new age is to-day making identical demands. And they accuse me

[1] See a short article by Gerald Hayes in *The Musical Times*, January, 1924.

[2] Mr. R. T. Gribble's Translation of *Expressionism* (Henderson, 5*s*.).

of attaching myself to the adversaries of Impressionism which until lately I had championed. But I still champion it. Its Art still represents for me the highest expression of the spirit of my generation. Yes, even more, it signifies to me the completion, the climax of all classic Art. We only differ in this, that I cannot imagine that mine is the last generation of humanity. But if another generation follows mine, surely it will be a different one. As long as humanity does not die it renews itself, and no son will ever remain satisfied with the work of his father. Friday has a different task from Thursday, says Lagarde. To attain this we had to strive formerly against our elders. Do you remember this no longer? And now a new younger generation has come, and again demands the same right for its own task. You, however, just as those others did in the old days, want to have Thursday lasting for ever. And now you take up the same attitude towards the youth of to-day that those of yesterday held towards you, and you accuse them of the same follies that once so enraged your predecessors against you.

II. The Young Philistine

That which gives him pleasure he considers inartistic, just because it pleases him. If he is to acknowledge that something pleases him, it must above all really displease him. From the fact that it displeases him, he surmises that it is a work of Art, and so he feels bound to assert his pleasure in it. Art is that which disquiets him, that which offends him, even horrifies him. He says, 'This reacts on me just as Wagner and Ibsen and Manet did on my parents, therefore in thirty years' time its greatness will be acknowledged, and I don't want to be called a fool!' For this reason the present age has a prejudice in favour of everything new; in this lies its contrast with the past. The Philistine of culture has turned completely round and faces in the opposite direction: formerly he stood facing towards yesterday, now he stands facing to-morrow; his chief characteristic used to be resistance, to-day it is defencelessness. One used to be able to recognize him by the fact that he could not be made to advance; to-day he is characterized by his belief that the advance is not rapid enough. He now prides himself on his endeavour to do justice to every new appearance. This is how he would put it; but the question remains whether justice can be done by one who estimates a thing according to its novelty. And this is the only landmark left by which he can take his bearings when dealing with a work of Art. He has been brought up to classify as a work of Art only that which reminds him of the samples shown him while at School; fear has taught him to overcome this tendency, and so he can henceforth only believe that to be a true work of Art which

reminds him of nothing he has ever yet seen. It must be something which has never existed before, and the horror he feels will immediately reveal this to him. For this reason too he will be enthusiastic over one *Work of Art* at one moment and unfaithful to it the next, because it can only raise his enthusiasm as long as it remains the newest form of Art, and because he is always haunted by the fear that in the meantime an even newer form of Art will crowd out his *newest*. Hence his irritation, because he has always the feeling of being cheated ; he is always searching for the last word, and none ever remains the last ; by to-morrow he may already have to renounce his love of to-day. Hence, too, the jealousy of these Philistines of culture amongst each other in their race after novelty, and this is enhanced by the fact that none of them believes that the other is *really* pleased with his latest discovery, for each privately considers every other creature of his kind a deceiver and a cheat—though to his own conscience he excuses himself by the dictum that no one dare lag behind the times, one must be in the swim. It has never before been so difficult, so strenuous, to be a Philistine of culture.

APPENDIX VII

FUTURISM

Futurism is an Italian movement initiated by Marinetti about 1907, and carried on under his direction. As its name implies, its interests look forward, not backward—so much so that Marinetti, objecting to Italy being considered a museum-country, would like to destroy those relics which bring foreigners to her with their eyes turned on her past.

Associated with the musical activities of Marinetti is Russolo, a great inventor of new noises. Some of Marinetti's performances in Italy have resulted in a great waste of garden produce on the part of audiences, and police protection has had to be provided for him after the performance. Some idea of the nature of Marinetti's musical entertainments will be gathered from the following apologia of Russolo :

> The art of music sought first for limpid purity and sweetness of sound. Next, it blended different sounds in an effort to caress the ear with pleasant harmonies. To-day, the art of music seeks to

blend sounds that are most dissonant, most strange and strident. We thus approach noise-sounds. This evolution in music is parallel to the growing multiplication of machines which share in human labour. In the resounding atmosphere of our great towns as in country districts heretofore silent, the machine has to-day created so great a number of varied noises that pure sound, through its smallness and monotony, no longer arouses any emotion. To excite our sensibilities music has developed in seeking a more complex polyphony and greater variety of timbres and of instrumental colour. It strives to obtain successions of the most complicated dissonant chords, and has thus prepared the way for musical noise. This evolution towards noise-sound is only possible to-day. The ear of man in the eighteenth century could never have borne the discordant intensity of certain chords produced by our orchestras (tripled as to the number of performers); our ear, on the contrary, rejoices in it, used as we are to it through our modern life, rich in noises of all sorts. In fact, our ear, far from being satisfied, incessantly demands acoustical sensations still more vast. On the other hand, musical sound is too restricted as to the variety and quality of its timbres. Until now, the number of timbres has not been amplified because of a lack of exact knowledge of the difference which separates sound and noise. We believed it to be enormous and profound. It is minute. In reality it is only a difference of quantity in the number of harmonics (overtones) which accompany the fundamental tone. These harmonics are more numerous in noise than in sound. It was therefore necessary to create instruments constructed in such a way as to give each one the timbre of a noise with the possibility of modifying the pitch of the tone with all the diatonic and chromatic variations. That is what I have realized with my '*bruiteurs*', constructed in collaboration with Ugo Piatti. These instruments are absolutely new, with new timbre and with tone which can be modified at will. With my '*bruiteurs*', diatonic and chromatic melodies may be performed in all possible tones of the scale and in all rhythms. To play the '*bruiteurs futuristes*' one turns a crank with the right hand, and with the left operates a lever which slides on a plane on which the notes of the scale are marked. Some of the '*bruiteurs*' have, instead of a crank, an electric button which the musician presses in order to give the vibrations which produce the sound noise. Up to the present I have perfected the following twenty-nine '*bruiteurs*': three *Hululeurs* (low, medium, high), three *Grondeurs* (low, medium, high), three *Crépiteurs* (low, medium, high), three *Strideurs* (low, medium, high), three *Bourdonneurs* (low, medium, high), three *Glouglouteurs* (low, medium, high), two *Éclateurs* (low, high), one *Sibileur*

(low), four *Croasseurs* (low, medium, high, very high), four *Froufrouteurs* (low, medium, high, very high).

The low, medium, and high '*bruiteurs*' correspond in a certain manner to the different ranges of the double bass violoncello and violin, as well as to the different ranges of bass, contralto, and soprano.

The name '*bruiteur*' (noise-maker) has led superficial minds to consider my instruments as shocking and cacophonous. But I firmly declare that my '*bruiteurs*' in general and my *glouglouteurs* and *froufrouteurs* in particular are more agreeable to the ear than the sweetest instruments of the orchestra. In my opinion the invention of the '*bruiteurs*' should enrich the orchestra which during two hundred years has hardly been altered in its essential instruments. For this reason I have deemed it appropriate to let my twenty-nine '*bruiteurs*' be heard with the seventeen essential instruments of the orchestra. The six musical compositions which my brother has created, employing an orchestra more varied than any other, will give a variety of harmonic pleasures as surprising as they are delicate.[1]

There are, of course, futurist poets and painters and sculptors connected with the movement (Severini is the best known of the painters, and Boccioni of the sculptors). Marinetti has also invented a new art, an art of touch—'Tactilism', a branch of sculpture, apparently, to be felt instead of looked at.

Here is an extract from a report by the Rome correspondent of *The Times* of a performance in Rome of a new Marinetti drama. All reports of his performances, dramatic or musical, resemble this.

Small wonder that the audience grew so furious that towards the end the actors could hardly be persuaded to come on the stage at all. Marinetti himself, who fought well for Italy during the war, supported the bombardment almost without flinching, although he was hit on the head several times by apples and tomatoes and his dress-shirt was spotted with tomato juice, but the company was not quite so brave. When Futurist artists came on the stage carrying paintings they had achieved, they used their masterpieces quite frankly as shields.

At one time when the curtain was down a member of the audience dashed on to the stage to fill his pockets with ammunition that was lying there, but one of the younger Futurists saw him and pursued him, giving him a mighty kick as he jumped into the

[1] Quoted in the New York *Freeman*, 5 July, 1922.

nearest box, and thereafter the audience was definitely hostile. A vase, several saucers, and five and ten centisimi pieces were hurled at the actors, and the leading lady received a severe blow over the eye from an unripe tomato. The occupants of the orchestra stalls suffered considerably from tomato juice and beans. And the performance came to a premature end when the actors themselves began to hurl vegetables and fruit back at the audience.

After the theatre had closed, Marinetti was badly handled by the mob in the street because he refused to return their money, and he had to be rescued by troops. He had certainly succeeded in rousing the crowd, but it is doubtful if anybody drew any profit from the performance except Marinetti himself, who obviously understands the art of advertising.

There would appear to be little future for Futurism, and readers may sleep quietly in their beds.

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